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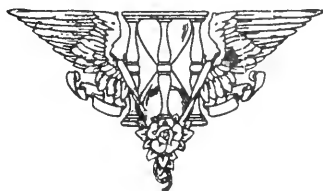
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SNATCHES FROM
RHYME AND RHYTHM
-- AND --
SUMMER IDYLS



By
HOMA WHITE
DETROIT

Dedicated to
COL. EDWIN FRANCIS HOLMES

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HOMA WHITE

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SONNETS.

1.

In the cool of the morn,
As the sun was awake
I speeded a thought—
(’Twas the first that I caught)
To thee whom I sought,
In the cool of the morn.

In the heat of the noon,
As my pulse was on fire,
I shot from my bow
All the love that I know,
And hoped it would grow,—
In the heat of the noon.

In the hush of the night,
As the moon kissed my face,
I breathed thee a vow
I’d e’er love thee as now;
And I pray as I bow,
In the hush of the night.

2.

The world’s fast asleep,
The noise is all dead,
And my soul it has fled,
’Long the path that you led,
When the world was asleep.

On the wings of the night
I speed then to you,
And I know, as you do,
That the times are too few,
There are wings to the night.

3.

Surrounded by night,
My thots take their flight,
To thee, as I write,
Surrounded by night.

Encompassed by day,
My thots have a way,
To thee e’en to stray,
Encompassed by day.

United to thee,
Is the best way I see,
To keep them by me,
Yes, united to thee.

AND THEY WOOED THE GREAT GOD, SUN.

An pathway worn as lumpless marble led up an rocky hillside toward the sea, and well the path knew daily trappings of the many sandaled feet!

As dawn came out from all the mystery of his secret hours and sent an ray, as messenger aloft, and then did show his glowing cleanly face,—did e'er an throng o' pilgrims greet his welcome coming. He smiled on all and spread his glowing fingers as far unto them as he ever could and blessed with kindly beam, the shining pates that bared were to his kiss. And sang they all "Hail Our Great Jehovah," and started e'er aright their newborn day, for as they nodded each another and went about their many duties drear, deep friendliness had waved in hand and nod o' theirs. And all the day they kept an eager watch upon him as climbed he with the majesty of power up to the zenith, where he did rest his throne.

And ever as they walked abroad he sent their floating faithful shadows with them soft, and left nor king nor beggar lacking such an guard. And crept his great beneficence into their hearts o' hearts and melted wrong and set an fire to even much beside, so glowed they as an army walking flames, these ready, grateful servitors o' his. So bloomed their gardens, ripened all their grain, and wooed he too the brilliant birds so that the land of them who loved him well, did grow an land of honey e'en for aye. And with the ending of an day, spent ever in the thot of him, their God, again the beaten path o' mountain did echo—tho with slackening tread they trod. And hushed into quiet all that was, in wondrous indrawing of the world, when nature seems to catch its breath and waits, one moment just, in all her busy day,—this found them ever there, nor ever late, in mighty ranks their gaze to seaward past the ranks that ever at this hour were turned to living golden bands o' matchless beauty, as were the blossoms and their sheaths of gold, e'en hammered by the fairy hands.

And once again they looked upon him, and as he faded swiftly toward the waiting whispering sea, he cast an glance triumphant back unto his band o' faithful followers; and, as their sorrow saw e'en at his daily passing, from round the corner of eternity, he kissed his fingers toward the singing heavens and left an promise o' his troth. * * * *

And ye, ye children on this humdrum ball, find ye an path that many feet have trod and seek ye the heights that lead ye up to God!

And watch for all the merry sunshine here, and thank and thank its goodness and its cheer, from day to day, in work, in play, 'tis thine—and as he ever greets and waits, in patience year by year, catch thou the blessing: Give thy mates, for they as well as thou should hold it dear!

AN SPAN O' LIFE AND LOVE.

The princess longed and longed for lover hers, who dwelt across an teasing stream. And too he owned an father that his son full seldom out his sight would leave. So filled the princess Gay, her days full to the brim with sighs, and many an beaded tear wet the flow'rets she did tend—most curious blossoms too, that wondered why the dew that morn did fall so short an time and e'er did leave an snowy path upon their cooling leaves. And princess Gay, fared on her way and tried e'en of her best, to lift those sagging corners of her lips, that e'en her grief confessed. He drooped as well, this prince of high degree for both you see, were in the selfsame net o' fancy, caught. And fled the princess, when her hour of ease did come, unto the meadows that she loved as home, and sat upon an gnarled tree, and beckoned all her fairy friends to come. So gathered they about, for loved they much, the dainty princess Gay. "I wish, I wish, a way to yonder castle there, I would that I could travel in this spicy air! I would I had an bridge that I could overpass the heads of all these stupid folk, to greet mine love, alas!"

"I have it," cried a fairy, "it is an dainty way! We'll first send rain to scare the folks so they within will stay; and then we'll build a bridge for thee, so beautiful a span, and you shall mount upon it and visit prince's land!" The foremost little fairy then spread in sky, her cloak, and it was made of dewdrops and rain it dared not soak. Then second little fairy climbed on the cloak and spread, her dainty little mantle a wee bit then ahead. And they were used to climbing, so worked they hard and fast, and so a gorgeous bridge was built, altho it would not last. And all the dainty colors did blur in quite a maze and lest one see the princess, they threw about a haze; and tripped the princess laughing e'en to the casement soft, of her beloved princeling and clung there e'en aloft!

And cried he with endearment, "what magic brot you here?" Her gaiety came back then, for he had held her near. And so they were e'en married, before the moon peeped in, and when it was all settled, they told their next of kin; and dwelt she there forever, the lovely princess Gay and he did e'er adore her and never said her nay. And when her heart a-hungered to see her people dear, she blew upon an trumpet flower—for fairies quickly hear—and threw they e'er the fairy bridge across that teasing stream, and tripped she lightly o'er it soft, as any dancing beam. . . .

I 'spose you all have wondered, why rainbows fade so fast, and why they bend in circles and why the hues don't last, but now the secret's scattered, and next time if you look, perhaps you'll see the princess and the journey that she took.

LIFE.

Life, thou art a sparkling fountain, welling up from depths below, springing unto the eternal,—'tis the truth that makes it so! Ever mounting, ever reaching, ne'er a moment idly passed, falling often, (since its habit) reaching highest, at the last. May thy fountain be of clearness, sparkling e'er, to other's view! May it never be in dreariness, that it sad returns to you! Hope eternal, is it well-spring: Joy of service is its leap, and when this thou hast done nobly, better things thou soon shalt reap. Mix not with thine crystal water, tiny bits of duller soil, 'til hast clouded all thy blessing, and thine deeps are in turmoil. Leap in joydom, leap in freedom, leap so far hast strength to try! God is o'er thee and he catches thee again unto the sky.

When hast into mist dissolved, and art glorified on high, hope thou ever there are flowers that unto thee soft do cry—"Come mine fountain, come mine heart-life I'm a-weary now for thee." "Come and aid me, or I perish" then may cry some aged tree. Leave a little tear behind thee! Hope a bit that thou are missed—Come again with angel softness,—leave thy blessing and thy kiss. Shower soft in dew upon them, all thine highest gathered rest, and float on, about thy mission,—God yet needs thee, He knows best! Other tasks in other kingdoms, is the joy for thee and hope. Guard thou well thy help for others: Never send thy tears, or mope. All the showers thou dost loosen, send them o'er the many miles! Be of April, my good fountain, wipe thy tears away with smiles!

YE WINDS.

Ye winds that blow from regions far,
Ye whisper and ye sigh;
Is it ye soothed where waged a war?
Cooled brows where heroes lie?

And did ye list o'er ocean's breast,
And bring along its peace?
And did ye from the forests wrest
The fragrance of surcease?

And did ye wander midst the beasts
That dumbly do their best?
And steal aroma from the feasts
That gilded halls infest?

And do ye blend them all in one,
And sing to me thy song,
To tell me life is never done,
And each **must** right his wrong?

COMPANIONSHIP.

Companionship thou are a **star** indeed that shineth ever on mine way and lifteth shadows that do go before. Thou piercesth all the dread, once thou hast come into mine life and softly lighted it.

The sun we love a while,—but too the dusk is grateful—yet ever and anon we love the tiny stars.

So art thou e'en as star beloved, thine hand in mine, thy sparkle e'er to bless.

Is Joy not gone from life when in my silent, deeper moments no stars shine out to bid me hope ahead?

So many stars there are, that shine on thee, dost thou but bid them to: the firmament where twinkle they, is large enough for all thou canst conceive.

Companionship is wedding of thine interests, and these do twine together close and live unto each other. Companions make the days grow short, companions cleave the rock of doubt, companions fill the deep slough of despond with something **radiant**, that makes thee wake each day to greet what's new, with hope ahead for all that life holds true. What were the world if we should tread alone? It were like asking bread, receiving stone. No longer would thine heart e'er throb so fast; each day would be then as the last. Would deep content e'er seek thee out, if thou companionship did flout? What would there be, to fill the scales of peace, and pleasure, joy,—and what could Love release? Thine hand in mine, is all I ask of life—companionship when reach I pain and strife.

Be thou as **star** unto this heart of mine:—I give devotion and a trust divine. Let me not walk beneath a star-less sky! Let me Companionship enjoy on high!

ABUNDANCE.

Abundance, from out thy living store, into this very heart of war, untie, unlock thy treasure! Haste e'er to give and make those live, whose earthly ties are snapping! Thou positive, thou active one, unsheath thy grain, to those who run the narrow race with death!

Thou whom so near hath bounty come, thou who yet pantest from the sun, give e'er thy starving brother. Who knows how near, that misery drear will charge thy slothful coffers! A turn of tide, on ocean wide, thou might be dumbly driven! What then so sweet, as life to meet, and know hast aided others?

Spend not so fast, but make it last, and fill the foodless mouths.

Make merry when, all peaceful men, do know and praise, abundance.

AND GATHERED THEY FLOWERS AND WANDERED.

Two sunny little souls did play in merry sunshine all the day, and golden curls o' theirs did happy breezes kiss, as rambled they in nodding poppy fields.

The blossoms prayed their best, the little footsteps bent to them, to be of flaming garland in their hands. And with an voice o' glee they culled e'en this and that, and all the world spelled happy freedom to them. And therefore all the world did sing and whisper soft its dearest secrets unto their open hearts.

When older grown they came to find their glee-hours e'er were those, when rambled they among the poppy fields, and merriment came first and then an drowsy, deep content, when flagged their words and speech went on, as tho't. Then dawning, vague maturity came at one and same time to them, and in the solemn of her coming, strode they from out the world apart, and sought the joy and never-ceasing peace o' poppy fields o' theirs. And here the poppies told them 'twas for aye they two should walk together, with the joy and peace that they could lend to them. So hastened then this pair beyond the stile—that knew not e'er before that steps o' theirs could ring upon the sward—and hasted they e'er on, and with the lowing of the homeward kine, they left their shadows on the doorway of an kirk, and went they then inside;—she, purest maiden rare, and stepped she, in an fragment of an hour into the gathering dusk, that flung its tender arms around her, e'en to hide those rosy blushes of the bride! And strode they on once more, an pair anointed by the only one who weddings e'er can bind, and walked they slow and e'er more slow, for they had much to tell and plan—now of one mind.

And later were the poppies clapping in their free abandon, for stood there at far end the rosy sea o' all their welcoming faces, such an love nest for their two beloved ones! And white as fleecy clouds was e'en this fairy bower, o' topped by welcoming, guardian roof o' green; and now at night the poppies fair did weep, as droned themselves to sleep, for bitterness that e'en their loved perfume did make it past all doubt to stay at wake o' night and watch the love-pair in their nest o' bliss. And with the wakening sun they turned their pretty hands and heads e'er in deep longing soon to see their loved ones in their living midst. And one day as the poppies shook their drowsy heads and brushed their opium-laden eyes was one e'en wide awake already—an tiny bud, that blossomed had o' night, and

not yet of its essence drunk, and this one had an news most rare to tell them.

How in the night as e'en her eyes had wakened to all this wondrous beauty, from her weary waiting, prisoned in her bud,—that lights a many had in the cottage flashed, and all the fair within did seem consumed of an rosy glow,—and one small cry came from it all, yet not an cry o' pain, an tiny shout o' triumph, seemed it so! And later came an man o' whitened face, and first he cast those glowing eyes o' his up to the stars, and thanked for some rare gift that had been his that night: and then his beam-ing eyes had turned unto the sleeping sea o' poppies and he cried "O little sleeping poppies, take my love unto ye all, this night o' nights, I pray!—for there has come an peach-blow blossom 'neath this roof, and in our hearts to stay; and she shall love and dwell among ye alway here, and, too, all men shall know her name and hold it dear! For thou, my field o' loving poppies sweet, thou gave her mother to me,—I give this one to you, to name—'tis meet!"

And Poppy was she e'er and all men came to love her, as her flowers, and as she went her path along, filled she with love and peace, her hours.

POPPY.

Poppy, poppy, how is this,
You are still awake?
Sweetly sleeping all the rest,
'Round about the lake.

Poppy, poppy, it is time
You should go to bed,—
All the sweetness close within,
In thy cap of red.

Poppy, poppy, **drink** thyself!
Whiff thine drowsy scent!
Careless one, hast indeed
All the others lent?

* * * * *

How much I loved you, I ne'er knew nor dreamed,
Until you'd gone—and life so tuneless seemed!
As brook, of murmur had been cheated, robbed;
Or lark, its voice had lost—and sobbed;
Or summer,—hum of deep content did lack.
Dear one, return and put the sunshine back!

THOROUGHNESS.

O be thou thorough, thou who walkest here! Do all thy deeds, not with the thot alone of speed and of the rearing, but do them, as were the world to look at each and make its comment. The best of all, is with thine heart to e'er inspect the work of brain and hand. Bear ever this in mind. Is it worth thy while, a thing but half to finish? It dyeth not, a long and lingering death,—ah no! It waiteth e'er, or fast, or slow, thy keen acceptance; it ever waits for thee! All that thou startest, are thy children; these must thou lead e'en to maturity. 'Til stand they graciously and firmly on their feet.

Canst not an helpless infant say, "Farewell, art mine, but I do stay mine steps to otherward!" Canst not to brimming boy nod "Bye" and ere he start to cry be off, and think no more of **thine**!

'Tis so with all thine little inner children: The thots unfinished ere they rove, desires and longings left bereft in mid of air, and all those many things hast turned thine fancy and thine nimble fingers to!

These wait for thee. They wait in masses, for their Lord, their maker!

Once comes the day, (which oftime thou hast met and passed along the way—that day which should burn deep),—the day the world says, "Aye, he fell asleep, beneath such and such a stone he lies; in such and such a tiny fraction ground"—this day thou chance did dream, died all thy tasks and duties and thou in glory'd sit and presense lend unto adoring angel band, perhaps! Ah well! Thy trumpet blows. With quick the step or slow, thou passeth onward, outward, inward into space! Then art thou usured in and there's a place, e'er, e'er reserved for thee! Thine own, where standeth no man else! And here all thy longings, all thy finished and unfinished things! Thine heavy cares that thou didst with bravery bear, and tearless,—these see; have fashioned them into a glowing band, not in an age to see the semblance as thou worked them out. Rewards are these. Hast finished them for aye, and thankful art, ah to thy being's core,—but list—these others, there are more! the thrill doth ooze away as doth thou note, they've come to stay. They e'er belong to thee and e'er they will, 'til start thou in thy duties to fulfill.

Ah, weary wise one thou! As yet with hand upon the plow, plod, plod, and ponder this. Thou never more can miss, 'till all thou hast e'er started, finished be. Surround thyself with cheer, and take each little thing of thine, not yet complete and lovingly wind thy care but soft about it. Each day the sun will greet thee, and go half way to meet thee, and hast a satisfaction ne'er gained in other way. Art wise? Or art a dolt down here? Forge on, and finish, soul so dear!

SUNSHINE GIRL.

Sunshine girl, how I do love thee!
Happy sunshine girl!
Sun hath kissed thine beauteous halo,—
Happy sunshine that!
Sun hath left a magic blessing
In thine strands so soft;
Sun hath put his crown upon thee,
As he woos thee oft.

Sunshine girl, how I adore thee!
Happy sunshine girl!
Tiny rays do go from out thee,
Blessed rays are they!
Sun hath purged thee, as with lightnings,
Yet with touch so kind!
Sun hath charged thee with his glory,
Soul and heart and mind.

Sunshine girl, I'd die without thee!
Happy sunshine girl!
Sun hath kissed thy lips and words, dear,
Sainted sunshine, that!
Sun hath made thee more than mortal
When he blessed thy smile!
Sun did know that thou art generous,—
Send me one, oftwhile!

SLEEP.

The half thy time I'll spend with thee
Said sleep and sank him down.
I tossed my head, for woe is me!
I greeted him with frown.

He pled a bit in soothing tone,
And begged me not be cold,
But I had use of honey-hours,
And fast the minutes rolled.

But ah! I filled his hours alas!
With only tinsel fun;
And now I feel him often pass
Me by, when day is done.

He was my friend; I let him slip;
He kissed his hand to me.
But O! I'd give the world, if now
He'd kiss my eyes,—not flee!

POISE.

Poise is Power standing within it's serene citadel and looking on the world with unblinking eyes. Is like the deep of the sea hid beneath the noisy ripples of the surface of things.

Poise is a hemlet, an armour that no adversary can pierce.

Rather he blunts his own weapons thereon and by his efforts but polishes it the brighter.

Poise outwears the ages and puts to rout the legions of rage, defiance, anger, irritability.

A general it stands unabashed before collected enemies.

Never can it be vanquished although the careless owner may lose it; a heavy penalty this for not appreciating so fine a thing. Useless it would be to any finder as it is made to fit the owner only like a garment and would hang awry on the shoulders of others. Lose not a day in forging thy garment, Poise, and let not it slip from thy shoulders, through faulty fastening or a too much worn ribbon. Crowned with Power, armed with Poise thou canst conquer.

Poise is mirrored perfection reflecting on its surface the stability of other worlds. It is a bit of the Infinite so rarely sought after as to be a pearl among jewels.

It dazzleth never, but wins by its steady, misty light. A whole necklace of such pearls would be found only by seeking through large multitudes of people! the masses ever adorning themselves with the flashing gems of Admiration, Flattery, Self-seeking and Ambition, passing by the inward pearl of great price which cometh only to them that put aside these outer garments and dive to the cool depths.

The jewels thou canst hang about thy neck but the softly shining pearl of Poise is hid deep within, throwing its dimly glowing radiance from its hidden abiding place and through its continued shining, it adds rings after rings of its radiant essence and the time comes when all the outer adornments are as dross and this pearl is thy ornament. Hide not thy pearl. Each can make it a beacon helping, guiding others. Once thou hast found thy pearl, enshrine it: thou becomest as a firm rock for thy ship-wrecked brother, whose many jewels have been swept away from him by the waves of Adversity and who bitterly bemoans his loss. Thou canst steady his feet and as he looks into thy serene eyes, canst show him forth the radiance of thy perfect pearl.

MY GRAIN.

Thou art my waving grain,
Soft-swayed by wind,
Cool peaceful shimmer,
Toward sunset, dimmer;
Promise of hoard ahead,
Of e'en our daily bread,
Thou! quiet dreaming,
Shade to earth, teeming
With hum and whirr.
Love floats from stem to stem
Ye hold a living gem!
Surge ye with quiet swish,
Thy giving but the wish,
Pass ye it on and on,
Each to the next.
How great the lesson here!
Ye stems I love so dear,
Ye, too, of many kind,
Flows e'en from mind to mind
All your best tho't.
Not one resists the tide,
Not one but bows with pride
As comes the breeze.
Haste with his message then,
Carry to living men
Health, strength, and cheer.
What tho thy life is snuffed;
Thou hast e'en done enough
Thy duty gone.
Deep in thy hearts of hearts
Too strong to pull apart,
Stored is thy love and praise.
These bloom in future days,
Making earth strong.
Could we but cherish such
Deep good and pass it 'long!
Then we a race would be
Valiant eternity,
Each helping each!

BIRTH.

A hope, a pain and a sob
And a tiny soul was born;
A triumph, a thrill and a throb
And the night broke into morn.

WAR.

O'er the sodden fields of war,
Mid the grime of killing,
O'er the hate-desire of men,
Silently I'm willing;

Willing that the masses see
Into future deep;
See how death has lived with them,—
See how masses sleep.

See that tho' they die in battle,
Crowned as heroes all,
Mouths do starve and backs do ache,
Since they heard the call.

Is it freedom, fight ye for?
Or but bitter pride?
Does the profit balance much,
By the losses side?

Know ye not, O warring nations,
Heaven's eternal law?
Thine own must come and peace is best,
Fill not the battle's maw!

O ye, the lords of this black hell!
Ye who use these pawns,
Know ye not, tho' life is snuffed,
There are **other** dawns?

THE WRONG IN THE WORLD.

There's a howl in the wind tonight,
There's a shiver in every tree!
There's a fright mid the birds tonight,
And it all whispers shrill to me,—

'Tis the shriek of the wrong in the world,
'Tis the dumbness of woe and of pain.
'Tis the sob in the good of the world,
When it meets the same evil again.

Yet we know, with the bright of the morn,
With a God-given, freshly made day,
In our hearts, washed with dew, as the morn,
The shriek and the noise fades away.

DREAMER OF DREAMS.

Dreamer of dreams, thy life has laid
Close to the infinite one!
Take of thy dreams and weave a web
That shall last 'til thy song is sung!

Weaver of weaves, ply thy hand with skill!
Weave but the beautiful here,
Weave such a pattern, all men shall thrill
To see what thy tho't holds dear!

YEARNING FACE.

Yearning face, in the sea of the throng,
What is it begs in your eyes?
Why is it now, that it hushed all my song?
And the mirth on my lips, even dies!

Yearning soul, back of prison bars,
Pleading for freedom and light,
Knowing, perchance but buffets and scars,
Weary, no doubt, with life's fight!

Yearning eyes, in the mask of your face,
Wake to your heaven-born right!
Toss off the dread, so servile and base!
Come forth, from the blackness of night!

LOVING.

If ten thousand ways of loving
Are known in all the world,
Then I think you know nine thousand,
For you put me in a whirl.

And if it is a science,
I think it is exact,
And you seem to have the patent,
For there's nothing you have lacked.

And if it is a puzzle,
Then I think you've found the key,
And I'm glad that you are practicing,
Upon this little me.

AND HE TROD HIS WAYS TO THE SEA.

A youth who ne'er had known an other life than that o' fisher folk perceiving naught beyond, bound to his daily human toils, he went at dawn, as since a smallest child unto the sea, so radiant. When child he was, his little efforts extended not beyond the shining shore, where gathered he the certain curious shells for traffic and it was play and labor so cunningly combined that joyed it e'er the little heart within him. And later went he with his father's folk out to the sea in boats, and now, a master of his time and boat, was he. He ever wondered as he e'er set out, what would this day unto his waiting nets e'en wander! And longed and longed he for an precious pearl, which, selling, would e'en take him to that further shore for aye. Yet pearls but seldom come to fisher's nets! And saw he ne'er a time when of the sale of daily fishes e'er more than daily need unto him came.

And often sighed he, as he plied his oar, and longed for glimpsing of that further shore. This day was radiant, clear and true and more than e'er, the sea did beckon him. He pulled the nets and placed the fish in shining, wriggling tiers into his waiting baskets: and one was in deep writhing. It had mayhap an ready succor found from e'en an ravening larger fish and half escaped in time with half its life, and lay it there divorced not yet from land or sea, and claimed as yet by each. In pity struck he then this mangled half a fish, which otherwise had not a glance of his e'er claimed. And gave it one short strike to end its bitter suffering. And of the quickened blow, there fell e'en at his feet an pearl of lustrous beauty and encased in work of gold beyond his dreaming fancy. "Hast come an long way, fish," said he, "hast come to give me this?"

That day, as sun dipped down to land o' fishes, to see if those there, were free of harm, the fisher of the seas put on his only other garb and sallied once again unto the sea. He rowed and plied his oar in eager haste until appeared at last, an further shore, and as he cast the skiff upon the bank, became he soft aware of weeping, lovely maiden sobbing in her anxious tread.

"Thy tears, O lovely maiden, they seem so grief e'en laden, tell me and mayhap I may help thee well! I'm strong and tense and loyal, and thou dost seem e'en royal and royal, 'tis not, thus dilute my sea!" "Mine precious pearl o' Lamur, the one that e'en the glamour, did cast upon these days and hours o' mine! I had it here o' evening, and now I do be grieving,—for gone it is and I'll ne'er see it more!" "I brot thy pearl, O maiden, so lift thy heavy laden

eyelids that I may see the depths therein! It brot me straight, as arrow, e'en tho this path is narrow and bids me kneel and give it back to thee!" He placed it on her finger and longed he then to linger, on one pretext or other, near such bliss,—but soon again was rowing, e'en as the cocks were crowing, and oft in days thereafter, he thot he heard the laughter, that came across, from his enchanted shores.

ELYSIAN FIELDS.

Elysian fields, Elysian fields, where wander I at night;
Where all my highest thots o' day have bloomed to blossoms bright!
Where all my hopes are waving reeds, and all my dreams are birds,
Softly trilling all the time, most marvelous music heard!
Where all my friends of long ago are bathed in youth's sweet stream!
Where all the heroes I have loved, so radiantly gleam,—
I bid thee bye so lingeringly, I wave so sad to thee,
And pray for patience 'til the moon brings back my fields to me!

HER PICTURE LEFT SHE IN THE WATERFALL.

She loved with all the fire of sweet eighteen when wooed it is and gives its heart, I ween. She knew the world not, nor her path ahead. She merely followed where her loved one led; and devious paths he trod, for he was one who loved anew with setting of the sun, and went his merry way thru life, with truly trivial tho't of what meant wife.

She spent her happy days in dreaming dreams, and life to her was made of cobweb seams. And drifted she as on an fleecy cloud, and wove an hero of her lover proud. He went his ways while dreamed she in the wood, and filled his hours with pleasure when he could. The lengthening shadows found her oft, where startled water fell from sleep aloft; and once, as sat she quiet as the rock, she saw him with another and they mocked at all she hitherto had sacred held. Then broke her heart, and shattered was the spell. She sorrowed keenly at his deep deceit; life seemed an yawning gulf beneath her feet. And fled she home, to room beneath the eaves, and sobbed it out unto the birds and leaves. Then half insane, since she was so forlorn, she took her way to torrent, when near morn, and had along her filmy wedding mist—the very thing that yesternight he kissed! And, as the birds did call to her to wake—poor, broken thing, she did the world forsake!

They say her veil caught in the waters up above, and lingers yet to show how deep her love!

At any rate 'tis surely true a mist, since then, has kissed the waters blue, and ever hovers in the early dawn, and there are those who see her face, so wan!

AND HER HANDMAIDEN GAVE UNTO HER, AN MIRROR.

The fountain splashed and marble floors were strewn with many stemless flowers. The golden urns did hold the sweetest boughs; and skins of rarest beasts upon the circling seats did hang. The sky above made all the roof one wished and birds did flutter o'er their languid heads! Soft cooed an wind, from off the sea, that added zest and spoke of shores of spice.

And she who spent her days in idleness, at ease lay on her cushions, watching far-off gulls—and circled as their flight, her wandering thots. The one great aim in life of hers was e'er to tend her beauty, and fostered she and gave it all her hours and so—her much beprized possession was an mirror made in wondrous way that gave her back unto herself as ne'er before an duller metal showed how fair was she; and now, at nod of hers, her handmaid reached for this same mirror, for alway 'twas to see herself her most commonds were given—and in her eager haste to reach, upon the marble slipped it with an clatter,—and as the many looked to see what 'twas had broken too their dreaming, did all, in wails then voice to Heaven their cries. For lo! No more would royal mistress see sweet her eyes and lips and forehead, for 'twas a thing in thousand tiny pieces, the only mirror of its kind in kingdom! A shudder ran thru all those 'sembled there. What could be coming as an fate so dire, unto an maiden who had blundered so, and in her heat of frenzy, strode the Queen about amid the fragments, dark with anger and soon the weeping maid had seen the last of Heaven's pure sunshine and passed her way afar in clanking chains. . . . and sad an day had fallen for all within the circle of that happening! And after many days, when she had stormed and raved and waved her hands to Heaven (and Heaven would no more of mirrors give the Queen), did she of pure necessity look once again into her dulling silver; and she did fret and fume and all the tumult put full many an line into that peachblow cheek of hers! And hated she the thing, herself, and all the world, and all the princely happenings did go without the sparkle in those days! and there was living, one sweetly perfect day again, a twin of that when fate had knocked her sore, and she did watch the gulls and ask insistent, for her mirror dull. And as she pondered o'er the face that gleamed so blackly back at her, a tiny longing sprang up far behind to do some good, and she forthwith did pass e'en this, her much beloved possession unto an longing vassal. and in the glee at such a fine remembrance, the Queen did feel an leaping joy she neer, in all these weary pleasure-waiting days, had felt before. Aghast, delighted, she felt

the warm sweet rill course thru her—and e'er then on, she spent her days and hours and minutes, other's lives to fill. And came there then to bide an look so wondrous in her eyes, they bowed unto her as to Goddess—and 'twas sweet, for time had whispered in her ear the years were piling fast and all the means above the earth ne'er could revolve the wheel of time and give one Queen the youth of face that once was granted her.

So came sweet youth to linger far within enshrined, and all his outer temple fair and saintly was as ne'er had been, had she from day to day spent all her anxious moments watching beauty grow. Comes e'er an fate that can not e'en be turned into an pointing hand o' God?

Her beauty died to outer but within, glowed as a flame eternal and 'twas this she carried onward when the day arrived, they handed her, for last of time on earth, her long neglected mirror, sad and dull.

DESIRE.

Desire, thou art a kite I fly in regions blue. Thou takest all my soaring thoughts of weight but thistledown, which waft from out my vision and when I reel my cord of hope, there swing they safe, secure, but with an added brilliance tho' sent from me demure.

Tho' some of them I scarce dare frame, to clothe in words ne'er try, yet here upon my kite they are, fresh from the boundless sky. Weigh not with heavy thoughts thy kite, else reach it but the ground and bumpingly it mars them, too, as they are dragged around.

Desire can carry thee from hence, desire can change thy life; stop not too long to question whence, nor reason e'er with strife.

Send thoughts as high as thoughts will go, no boundary is, in space and let them wing now fast, now slow and follow their own pace.

Ne'er try to worry thoughts to fly, for then they are quite dull; but passively do welcome them when thou dost sit and mull.

Send winged thoughts with winged thoughts and speed them with thy love, then stop they ne'er 'til they have reached, the regions far above.

Yes, love, the thoughts thou sendest up and grateful be the while; keep eyes aloft and also find, time e'er to laugh and smile; and others who do envy you and look with questioning eye, do then perceive 'tis not of earth, thou thinkest—but the sky. Desire doth build such fairy realms for thy great good and cheer! How canst thou be so dull indeed, to live thy life but here! no limits are desire's domain nor struggle o'er or woe, so fly thy kite and breathe a prayer above it e'er it go!

MATERNITY.

Maternity, thou art the goal!
Art answer to my all!
Else, heavy is the toll
That life asks for my call!

Else why has God me given
Such ravening flames within?
And why my being riven
Twixt rightfulness, and sin?

Sin was a word ne'er born
From Thee, Creator mine!
Man made, when, forlorn
Longed he, for earthly sign.

Mine task, a chalice pure,
Mine gift, the greatest given!
All grief I can endure,
Since this is e'en from heaven!

Why didst me rhythm give?
Why made, a living fount?
Why should indeed, I live
Should I not ever mount!

Service, thou teachest me
Is greatest gift I owe!
May I then add to thee
All these, the seeds I sow?

May my deep longing bloom
To greater fruit than I,
In mine so-hampered room
E'er find the wings to fly!

Purpose thou hast, when made
Me of the tender clay!
Make me then unafraid
To hold the world at bay!

I should then glory much
To pass mine yearning on!
If e'er I bow to such--
And not on lower fawn.

Eternal is mine soul!
I wish to leave mine print,
As on the ages roll
Of thine tremendous hint.

Two, were the races here;
On me the duty fell.
Choose I then, love or fear!
Make I then heaven or hell!

Thou made me human quite!
Mine conscious choice 'twas not!
Guide thou, e'en with thy might,
Mine treasure, inner wrought!

Surely 'tis thine to mould!
'Tis magic e'en to me!
Keep me within thy fold!
Lead me, then unto thee!

I should not master be!
I should be proud to bend!
'Tis then thou praiseth me,
And dost thy blessings send!

My faith will ride o'er fate!
My love will rule for aye!
Thou hast me crowned as great!
Thou hast then heard my cry!

?

What is it that peeps out thru your eyes,
That makes me think of fields in Paradise?
What is it in your smile that brings to mind
The joy of all the cycles of mankind?
What is it in your step as pass you by,
That makes me dream of stairways to the sky?
What is it in the breath of you that seems
The essence of all my waking dreams?
What in your clasp that gives the silent thrill
And makes you flow into me like a rill.
What **could** be in your kiss but cease of life!
The thot goes thru me as a shining knife!

INDIAN WOOING.

Swift he walked as moon on water,
Gliding as a beam,
With her lagging steps he caught her,—
Caught sweet "waking dream."
Held her as a trap, a woodbird
Flutter ne'er nor sigh!
Dashed her heart against its moorings,
Seemed to touch the sky!
Placed his dusky cheek against her,
Sighing with content,
And she joined her smiles with his then;
Ne'er a fear,—lament.
Long it was that he had sought her,
Time and men, between,
Now in love's sure trap he'd caught her,
Ne'er she'd fly, I ween!
Fluttering wings did droop in joy, then,
And her lips his sought,
Yearningly to give her all then,
For her love he'd caught!

SUNSET.

Down the dimming path o' forest,
Came Great Feather, smiling;
Smile then floated on before him,
As he soft was whiling.

Dwelt he not among the forests,
Heard he not its cries.
Speeded on his soul ahead,
To the land of skies.

Walked he there with one whose voice was
Soft and sweet as flute.
Was it wonder that the forest
At his step was mute?

He then brot her there among them
And she walked as air;
Touching ne'er the grass and bluebells;
(Black as night her hair).

Tho' each day she walked, in gloaming,
And most days he smiled,
When she left, his smile took with her;—
Then came night, her child.

INDIAN PENANCE.

As the moon was fading slowly,
As the night did hum in sleep,
Came there one, repentant, lowly,
Wandering far, his vow to keep.

Sank he down upon the mosses
Woe in heart and pain in limb;
Wonderingly invoked his God then,
And he thus appealed to him.

O Great Spirit, why this lifetime,
Stretching far ahead I see?
Ne'er have I the heart to climb on,
Now that Lola's not for me!

Hand in hand we could have journeyed,
Ne'er had been a woods too drear,
But alone, we helpless wander,—
I am but a shadow here.

She did love me with the love that
Reckons not its toil or cost;
But they made her tear her love out,
All love's kingdom, she has lost.

Thus I wander all my days long,
'Til the last great setting sun;
Loving only birds and beasts here,—
'Til my penance, too, is done.

WAMPUM.

Take my wampum, for your kisses;
I have nought beside.
Put my joy and all my labor,
In these shells I've tied.

String them here with all my dreamings,
All my soaring thots;
When I seem to be a princess,
And by you are taught.

Happy O; these hours I gather,
Wampum, dear, for thee.
What! you really will not take them?
You'll have only me?

INGERSOLL.

Great Ingersoll, we crown in love and praise, thy name!
Already, as perspective gains, we judge, and worthy are
to judge thee. How true it is, as Emerson often sang, "The
field's not to be viewed, within the field."

When thou wert here in flesh and blood, thou worthy,
did many seek thee, with not deep intent of soul. The
ferreting of curiosity led them oft unto thine eloquent plat-
form. They came e'en oft in scorn and scoff away to turn,
but thou didst mould them with words of love and power
of praise to thine own ends. How great thy labors here!

[An soul of large dimensions 'tis, that chooseth all the
rest to point an weary way they had e'en trod and say,
"Thine footsteps are of dust, to dust returneth; all, all
the footsteps of this life of thine, do blur in shadows and
in cloud that hath the seeming surety yet others in thy
rear, to smother, 'til see they not the real oasis that did
gleam in front their path.

You, Robert, chose the greater path, because the steeper
and you chose, as soul intrepid there to stand, alone. Must
not a structure of abomination oft be razed e'er yet an
edifice of saintly effort on that selfsame spot shall stand?
And did ye not tear down, demolish, but e'en to make the
ready for the one of wise and good repute? And was it
not the needed tearing down?

These races man, do move and follow more like sheep,
that ever follow sans impulse sans wakening that there
are, e'en finer fields to right and left they see not.
in their following intent, the ear and wagging shanks of
those before them! Does it take courage to stand e'en
with the many folk and say "Thy word is true, thy
vision sure and since so long it hath been so, is wise and
worthy? Ah, no! 'Tis easy e'er to clap our hands and
nod, when all the world is clapping!

A soul of finer fibre than the most, stands on a pinnacle
apart and says—Ah! this mine one and tiny life below I
do bequeath unto the waiting hosts, to make the pathway
clear and cut the underbrush beneath these feet!

As sacrifice, I lend myself to do a task so needed. I,
therefore, as a magnet do draw unto myself the open
censure and the ridicule and man shall pass and say,—
"His words were fine and of a flow ne'er-ending, but God,
he blasphemed Thee," and so I shall e'en live, and talk and
journey on, mistaken and with arrows many-barbed, and
slung at me by very little folk! And of the many *some*
shall be whose wordless censure cutteth deep because they
are so true enthroned 'round mine heart! And yet, O
Lord, I single out myself, e'en in the midst of men, to live
apart! This be mine earnest, dear-loved service unto

thee! For many centuries the world went on its way, and circled 'bout its own dull tho't, for all men tied themselves to dogma and to literalness and holy books e'en had their holy writ translated out of them: and e'er they see Thee, Lord, in all Thy might and beauty and, furthermore, everywhere,—'til then, thou waitest, patient, for an shining axe with bursting heart that would yea cleave the tree to let the holy sap at center quicken earth. I'll be that axe! I'll kneel to thee! Take thou my deepest deep devotion; anoint me, Lord, and send me forth to live and dwell among them, to cleave the tree and start the sap, e'en tho' all universe shall shun me! Mine thanks come not from them, the puny folks! I will mine humble self with thee forever yoke! Grant me the strength, to go at length, and after long mine passing, may e'en the sap, and core mayhap, grow greater, stronger trees, 'til forest ring, and all these sing of Thee, and of no other. This task I crave, so make me brave, to make all men my brother."

HIGHER SELF.

List! shadow mine and thou shalt know
Thine guarded friend and disguised foe,
All that now puzzles thee!
Canst not mistake the seeming then
For real upon thy pathway, when
Thou once hast counsel had, of me!

Mysteries in fathoms stored,
Wreaths that lurk behind thy forehead,
These I'll bring and to thee beckon;
And, once hast proof,
Shouldst thou, aloof,
With me, this self of thine e'er reckon!

I'm self much higher than the one
That sits in brain enthroned, son;
Shouldst ne'er bow to the lower.
Nor age have I,
And earth defy!
I am the knowing knower!

WHICH?

Did I then beg this niche? And do I fill it quite?
Does that which comes to hand, come then because 'tis right?
Or I as meteor dropped, nor choosing e'er my fate?
Embedded where I land—nor caring 'til too late?

AND CAME AN CHILD, TO JOIN THEM.

Bleak, hoary headed winter shut the earth in fastnesses, that each year he made anew, and whistled all his vassals in the heaven and hard and deep, the trumpets of him blew. And covered he, the earth's so sacred gardens and blotted all the ugliness beneath, and spread an crystal mantle o'er the meadows, and on the trees hung many an glassy wreath. And kept his little white frost-maidens busy, a-painting pictures with their snowy brush, and closed the tattling, gossip-laden streamlets and cramped them, in an mighty, frigid hush.

And lest the world should weep for all the losses, of never seeing birds or flowers gay, he spread his diamonds o'er the sleeping mosses, and tinkled sleigh bells thru the merry day.

But here and there he found an yearning mortal, who sighed and wept for bygone warmer days, and wondered why the earth e'en should be frozen—and marvelled much at heaven's uncertain ways!

Now, wife to him who blew with fierce abandon, was e'en sweet, laughing summer, but she'd fled, and often spent her idly dawdling moments in contemplating self, quite far ahead. And busy was she e'er with buds and flowerets and making fair her world to loving hearts,—so went they oft their way e'en independent and lived for many moons e'en quite apart. But when deep winter saw his weeping people, and longed to make them happier, if he could,—he caught sweet lingering summer, as she wandered, one time in deepest part of fragrant wood; and begged that so he might surprise her often, for she was dear as snow and frost to him, and tried his coldest words to soften, and pled and begged 'til grew the forest, dim.

She relented, and so you find her flow'rets, in deepest winter in your cozy homes and too, he sent his clear refreshing ices, to cool thy breath wherever thou doth roam. And then, to show the world they were quite happy,—and not to give example for divorce, a daughter came to bless their sainted union, and this was darling spring—you guessed of course! And hand in hand she ever led her parents, and kissed first one and then she kissed the next, and so they lived an happy, peaceful family and never more were cross or even vexed!

But when sweet spring grew old enough for dreaming, she came to long and long indeed, for youth, and so e'en when the tender earth was teeming, poetic autumn came, earth's son, forsooth!

And this is all that earth can give unto thee,—her best and greatest gifts are there for all, and here's a hope that you and I will know her, and heed sweet nature when she makes her call!

AND IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT, HE WEPT ALONE.

An king did rend his heart, when happened he alone. The days dragged on, as serpents full of food, and had they naught of beauty that he gleaned; for one small heart had beat near his and then, the mother-heart had stilled and seemed then the sun had quenched itself! The birds seemed lacking e'en their merry song; the fountains splashed but leapt not in their glee; the flowers seemed bereft of all their sweets, the maidens, one and all seemed dull to him!

And as the littlest heart strode e'en to him, he often placed his frown between them two, so roamed the prince so doubly shorn, alone and wooed the hills and lispng birds. And to the court, where passed the king his four-and-twenty hours each day, there wandered once an pilgrim-monk who sang his way along the road and when he came unto the king, he soothed him with an art he had, and, throwing back his noble brow, he sang of heroes, deeds, and work. Then sang he too, in melting tones, of love and home and souls agone and sang his way e'en in that shrivelled, starved royal heart!

And beckoned was he to the kingly side, and in an grove that fruitful was, he freshened e'en his inward self, and spoke of love as he did quaff the wine. "O kingly heart, hast much e'en here, and all must well be showered on the head o' son o' thine, that while aback I met in forest glade, e'en with his pets! A gentle soul and rare in love! He had the birds about him as in school, and they did pipe and chirp at him and at his feet there ran the brook so cool. And fishes there he fed, and they did vie e'en one with other for his bread. An such an soul is fine and true and I do give thee hope, he's much with you." The glance of king dropped to his lowest inch and fluttered and would ne'er rise at once. But seed had fallen where 'twas deep, and soon the lad was called, with sire to sup.

With eyes quite new the king looked at his son, and marvelled that he ne'er had noted well, that he the image was, of precious queen, and caught his breath, the pain and stab, between. And lad with yearning, seeking eyes did find, an harbor for his loveless thot at last, and e'er thereafter were they close entwined, and grew together as an stem and vine. More grew the lad, like precious queen each day, and lived an happy pair, from henceforth, they.

Ah! Give not all thy love but only one, for sometimes for ingratitude it haps, this one doth fade and thou art all alone, and then thy tender, bruised heart-string snaps.

AS WOOING BIRD.

I love thee, dear, as wooing bird,
Near sings his heart in twain.
I love the world because I know,
It was not made in vain.
It was a place for you to live;
I love the flowers because
They're made for you and e'er obey
The great eternal laws.
I love the sun that warms your heart,
The air, that kisses you,
Dear one, dost see, the world's for thee?
And I,—I'm for thee, too!

SUNSHINE TO THE GRAPE.

Thou art to me as sunshine to the grape,
Which turns its acid into mellowness;
Makes honey-sweet its heart e'en to escape,
Releases all its bounty to the world.

Else waneth e'er and dwarfed, doth slowly grow;
Ne'er tasting its own sweet or knowing aught.
We're welded all together, dear, and so
I need thy love to ripen all my thot!

AS MEADOW LARK.

Far from the haunts of the men,
Down where the meadow-larks call,
That's where I steal (in my den)
Out in the grasses so tall!

My ear to the earth that's so wet,
Catching the song she can sing,
Blotting the world and its fret,
I'm a meadow lark on the wing!

And I join in the rapturous hymn
Born of triumph and hoping and love,
The earth and its grieving grows dim,
As I soar in the breezes above!

VALLEY-LILIES.

Valley lilies, do the fairies
Shake thy tiny stem?
Is it time of all the bridals?
Do you call to them?

Valley lilies do the weddings
Always turn out right?
Do your bells pour forth a blessing,
In the hush of night?

I WOULD I WERE A FLOWER.

I would I were a flower,
For then, O Lord, I'd be
An pure and holy chalice
To hold my love for thee!

What matter if mine life should seem,
Perfection but one hour!
Still, for that perfect hour I'd dream
I were the only flower!

CRICKET.

Cricket, cheerful cricket,
Why is it that your song
Sooths the frets of daytime,—
Erases all the wrong?

Because our song is service,
And every night we stay
Beneath your bedroom window,
And for your good we pray.

ILLUSION.

Afar, of thee I'm dreaming,
And doth thou slumber, too?
'Tis night but in the seeming,
But nights like this are few.

Soft-wafted on a moonbeam
Into Elysian light,
We taste the real of living;
Earth but the dream, and night.

WISHES.

The moon is the place where wishes go,
Go, when they're born down here.
Such tiny baby wishes, indeed,
No wonder you love them, dear!

But in a breath, they soar away,
Faster than any bird;
And they make the cunningest rustling
That ever you have heard.

In the moon, there are fairy gardeners
Who tuck them safe in the ground;
And then the moonmaidens gather
And dance in a circle around.

And the little dancing rhythm
Of their fairy twinkling feet
Makes the wishes grow and grow, dear,
Until thru the ground they peep.

Once they are up, the moonbabies
Sit on their buds o' day,
And open pop their petals,
And the wishes fly away.

They're fine big wishes and strong, now,
And eagerly wait for the night,
When they slip down the silver ladder
And they hunt for their homes with might.

And they never, never get twisted
And they always come back to you;
As they cuddle down in your heart, dear,
You say, "Well, my wish has come true!"

STARRY EYES.

O thou of the starry eyes!
I would that I were the one,
To vigil keep in their light!
I'm sure they would warm, as the sun.

O thou of the burning lips!
I would it were fashion now,
Burnt offerings to give!
I'd sacrifice mine,—I vow!

MY ARMY.

The great big army that is me,
Is captive held by foe;
For pain hath clamped its chains on me.
I'm locked in ice and snow.

Yet I've a general that is brave;
Undaunted yet is he.
And he doth plot and plan to save,
And capture all of me.

He sends deep thots, as scouts afar,
Around the world, mayhap.
And they bring back more help to me;
My foes fall in their trap.

I sally forth, the all of me,
A glorious host once more.
Who dares to say the bravest souls
Were those that lived of yore!

SPARKLES.

They called her Sparkles, 'twas the name
God sent her here to paint,
In terms of flesh and blood, my dear,
To show how lived a saint.

He painted sparkles in the sky,
He painted them in frost,
He scattered them thruout the world,—
But ofttimes they were lost.

And so he put his finest ones
Into her speech and eyes,
And flashed she then his word of love,
Till lighted she the skies!

KARMA.

Miles and miles of duty ended,
Mountains, too, of pain;
Yards and yards of errors mended,—
Ne'er a glimpse of gain!

Ah! I glory in the closing!
Finished for all time.
Now ideals I'll be wooing,
And I'll higher climb!

THE MENDICANT.

The maiden limped along, her face toward home, her spirit lifted light her heart and sang itself a song within her ragged garb; but weariness with heaviness of earth dragged at her footsteps. A long and jading way she'd trudged.

* * * * *

How much has each of us to give a fainting fellow-man? our love? 'Tis then her **all** she gave to nurse thru day, and nighttime one sickening unto death, to whom her roughened fingers were tender as a bluebird's breast,—to whom her smile was balm, and needed balm indeed! She gave her all this day and gave it readily, not stopping e'en to make her house at best, e'er took she to her path and task and service. She dropped each little trival thing and hasted with the steps of love unto her calling brother. He was a loitering mendicant, whom oft she'd noted as her herds she watched. He came and went quite frequent and e'er he blew upon a tiny flute, as wound his way along, with all the tools wherewith the tattered footgear, harness and the like he took unto his waiting, journeying hospital, and sent them, cured, unto their thankful owners. And many a mile he had beguiled for many a folk with sleepy tune that did e'en seem a part of drowsy later noon or e'er advancing twilight. When flute no more was heard, she hasted to the tiny hut beside the hoary mountain where e'en the fig and grape-man said he lay, in sore distress, untended.

Her smile did light his hut then; her nimble fingers lighted too the gloomy hearth and all his poverty-dwelling did take an air of royalty upon it, and did gleam, yea fitfully, and glow. Cool water brot she to him who tossed and moaned in agony, and her quiet palm closed o'er his twitching eyes. A great cool comfort came then to him, who ne'er had known the touch of womankind.

Soft slept he soon, but ere his flickering eyelids kissed, he summoned all his strength and gallantry, to tell how queenly 'twas of her, to serve him so.,

"I make mine gratitude into an holy pearl about thine bosom, girl!" he said and slowly sank his breath, and up unto the dome of heaven, slid his soul. * * * she did then what she could and sadly raked the embers soft together, and kneeling, breathed a prayer unto him, on his shining journey. She fastened then the door and with her eyes on far off reddening sun, she turned her way back home again. But ere arrived she, her roving hand did pass above her brow, as would she part a veil fresh thrown about her and slowly slid it then beneath her chin. It fumbled there at open throat, for lo! a great and shining pearl was hanging there at ease!

'MOTHERING.

Dear, tiny, helpless hands, why did ye never choose, this one that yearned so, thy days for love to use? Why came ye e'er to right and left, on earth, and left me shivering here, on coldest waiting hearth? When all the nest was holding bated breath listening for thy tiny cry o' "coming" why didst thou pass me by? When all the many threads of life unsnarled had been, or some—e'en by thy coming—why did thy knock ne'er come? Why lingered ye so long, thy great and glowing throng world brothers, aye and sisters, near stopped my heart in pain so strong!

When arms did ache in mothering themselves, why did ye pass to other arms so full? Was it indeed my mothering should go to babes of ripened years, that having known the tears, I could then speak of wisdom when they did come to find, a respite brief from cares they understood so little in their mind! Should all my yearning grow into an knowledge other burdens soft to lift? Since I have hungered so,—have I then earned this, Lord, as gift?

STRAY THOTS.

Dear, aimless tho'ts, why wander ye so ill-content, like hapless wraiths with soulless eyes, and homeless, unto my waiting calm, thru open doorway in and then by other out? Why tarry ye ne'er long enough to look about and see if others biding there, sweet solace be for ye? Why dwell ye not within, but ever pause for but a second's time, then onward flit? Do others, then, give ye more ruddy welcome? Hold out their arms to hamper ye? And grow ye then for fit companions e'en for aye? Why do my hearth-stones greet ye not? Why do ye, smileless, melt your way along? Why do ye pass as mists do rise and fall, in blurred shadow cross the brightness of my days? Should I then make ye welcome, ye tho'ts that come, bereft of smile and glad intent? Ye of the mournful visage!

Are ye then orphaned ones, whose very parents cast ye off, as they did look upon the offspring of their pondering hours? Are ye then all but parentless, and seek thru-out the world a biding place? And then, as orphans doomed yet further paths to seek, each following each and ne'er in stride the next to stray? And have I haply, too, such orphaned tho'ts and do they wander sadly, with their faces shorn of lustre—lacking e'en the vigor of the day?

Ah, come to me, ye peaceless ones! A debt I have to pay! I'll foster ye, I'll parent ye, I'll make ye more a child of mine, than any child of brawn,—ye tired, wandering children of my brain!

AND HE TROD HIS WAY ALONE.

He had come to seek, in city marts, for e'en one little jewel, far to find. It was an deeply—glowing stone with hidden, smouldering fires at heart, receiving which would pilot him aright, he thot, thru all his devious paths on earth.

And many markets, many folks had lain him down their treasures at his feet, yet still sought he, in prime of all his years,—the gem that smouldered and yet leapt at glance O his. And e'er his roving eye looked gems upon, that were the slaves of other folk; and oft he dreamed what manner were his steps, if found he e'er the one (which constant he had sought) were placed not where could be bought.

And in the midst of revelry one eve, he saw it softly shining in the turban rich of an imposing older wisdom-man. He sent forthwith an servant his, to spy about if yonder one would gladly take an goodly sum, for e'en his jewel, since 'twas one of many owned by him. But answer came,—and it was answer flat: he'd more of gold than cared he e'en at that. And later sent the wishing-one an kinsfolk his to find by manner devious, if there was aught one might in change, place at the feet o' wiseman, and at once.

And answer came, if gem the same in tawny gold of selfsame size could find that e'en as sun at noon took on an adding brilliance, this were the only kind.

So fared the wand'rer to the ends o' earth, the width and length of all the kingdom that he knew and ne'er the radiant smaller sun shone forth, 'til chanced to pass in early twilight e'en a lass, who round her snowy throat had clasped, an stone that all the fire of all the sunsets prisoned it its breast, and with her heart-beats rose and fell its steady flicker as her breath did wane or swell.

"O maiden fair, I long for one an such an ornament! Pray tell if aught there is on earth I may present thee with and go then forth with gem o' thine in this great purse o' mine." "Ah no, mine liege," said she of modest eyes, "this gave the mother mine and dies its sainted fire, if off mine bosom lies! I grieve, so fare thee on, my lord, I bid thee leave." "May I not see thee yet another day and come to bask in e'en its wondrous ray?" He pled, and all his deep desire and true went into, two intensest orbs of blue. She granted this and soon he came to find, his steps unto her bower oft did wind, and in an night born of the stars—and love, he swore he never from her shores would move. And thus he had the gem o' gems e'en gained, and came in kingdom soon to be proclaimed, the greatest and the wisest and the best beloved prophet that did the holy secrets wrest; and e'er he gave his people counsel free, and sat they alway underneath a tree, out in the open when an audience granted, and e'er 'twas at the hour the great sun

slanted deep to his softening bed among the clouds; and e'er he made his answer, as he glanced unto his bride o' heart entranced and e'er he gained the knowledge keen to give, e'en by the flames that smouldered, died or lived,—in that great jewel on the jewel his!

DANDELIONS.

An golden hillside slept beside the sea. Pure molten gold it seemed in the sun! One solid carpet living blooms and this, the fairies loved and held their revelments among. The dark, cool leaves did seem as palms unto them and overhead did wave in rhythmic measure to the breeze, these rounded parasols above their dainty heads. And sweet the scent that scattered in their midst and roved they e'er so happy, the early spring therein and made at glee that sent the tiny laughing thrills up slender stems of their beloved wold.

And so the traveller by foot or sea did stop and gaze enchanted at the joy that sprang from e'en that hillside, unknowing all the merriment beneath. And after many moons had cast their rays upon its softening shimmer, the dwellers in the country there did call it "Hill o' God" as seemed it e'er to stretch in loving greeting to all men.

And happy grew the fairies in their wondrous golden wood, and planned in happy council how to help e'en all they could; and blossomed e'en that hillside, from early until late, and Hil o' God was happy and thankful for its fate.

And since it was so gladsome and spread so far, its cheer, 'twas even granted merits as came the closing year. And every little blossom that filled its heart with love, was granted—ere it wither, an halo from above! And so one day the fairies e'en gathered at their tryst and lo! in wonder gazed they—who had produced this? Their golden bower o' sunshine, it seemed the moon had kissed, and up above their heads there waved an airy mist!

They wept and wept among them (not wise for any fay) for all the darling blossoms at grief, then ran away. And floated here and yonder and bode throughout the land and then the little fairies had but the stems that stand.

And so at length departed, down where the rushes wave and made an ceremony, and buried grief in grave. And soon another springtime came tapping at their hearts and as an tiny army they sallied in their carts—these were, of course, the butterflies and cushioned soft and gay and flew they as an cloud, 'til came they back to stay, for lo! their golden hillside was waiting there for them, and can't you see the welcome that waved from stem to stem? O never doubt the sunshine, inside, or out of thee for shy it is at grieving and it can float from thee!

FOR THEY PLUCKED OF THE FRUIT THAT RIPENED.

An garden led the way unto an open orchard, and here the shadows lay at rest beneath the trees, and scarce did quiver in their softly napping. And hum of all the tiny fruitful life did blur into an steady whirring song, that lulled e'en all that came beneath its spell. And ripening summer brooded over all with e'en the fragrance o' maturity. And heavy of their sweet and luscious hearts the rosy fruit hung like an myriad pendant gems, suspended zenith of their perfectness.

And down the dimming lane, two roving shadows came, now two and separate—ofttimes an melting one, as arms were twined one 'round the each so that the waiting blossoms underfoot, whose drowsy eyes bent on the earth alone—could scarcely see, such mingled shadows as there fell! And not at all could dream therefrom that she was blessed with golden crown and he of raven black. The great elixir of the open was upon these two, and in their sweetened prime one could but stop and gasp in wonder how the world had passed them by, and not the other half, so sweet a thing been near to find. But underneath the boughs these two did rightful woo and love and there was born an vow that should e'en reach eternity and to the courts above. All things at zenith then in God's great nature world and world of men! And in the lap of Golden Hair did fall an rosy dimpling apple from its perch on high, and came as mighty proof for see! sweet nature in its growing, 'round its pretty cheeks had laid (in love so soft and cool) two panting, happy leaves and these did cling as twins indeed, and had been loth to tear their kisses from so fair a cheek; and so when spring's dear messenger, the breeze, was sent to rove about and wake the trees, he softly slipped the tiny pointed leaves aside and cooled the little cheeks beneath, and lo it grew and grew with e'en the loving marks upon it still: two little hands had loved it and had placed a twined caress around its tiny face,—and lo! the maiden looked it o'er and o'er and cried "Ah, lover mine, an sign! straight from the realm of nature up beyond, just see mine little apple and its message fond!" For of a verity, there was, distinct, two perfect loving hearts and they were linked!

And oft in later years they played at valentines with all their little maids and helped dame nature with the secret she had sent, and pasted little hearts, as she had meant. So all the children from the country 'round, did come with glee in autumn, and e'er found, as looked they ever in the boughs above and plucked the little apples that the leaves had loved.

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

"He knocked and unto his knock, came answer."

So long he had been starving, leaving himself bereft of food; and in the outer cold, when He had that within that melts the bitterest frost. He would not knock. He would but sit and groan for things he would not hand himself.

Some bitter years, yea many, did pass, dull o'er his head and sat he there and groaned and cast a vengeful eye on those he thot, in truth deserved less than he. And bitter grew his heart and gloomy were his thots and wondered he if all he should quick end, by means he knew so well. Such questioning folk ne'er 'complish e'en so much, for cowards they with all the world,—then eer are cowards to themselves. He groaned. He saved not all his weary groans but for himself—he passed them gratis out to many folk; he pressed them on those weary kinfolk his. Is not the state regrettable when people nearer blood than other folk, do almost sigh to have thee pass into the next existence? So 'twas with him. He cheered, then no man's day. His softly resting hand, on head of child seemed e'er bereft of benediction.

But seel One little child looked in his eyes and said "I do know God, and you?" "I know him not," said he of solemn mien. Yet unabashed the child of God crept close to him and said "You see,—you first must knock! All doors do open at the knocking. My knock and hands are tiny, but each day I knock and say "I love thee, God so make me good that I may love thee more." "You do that, child?" He asked as were a thing so new, grown sudden 'neath his vision. "You say you know 'tis true?" "Yes, try with me, right now!—Bow so, your head, and so, your hands, and say deep, deep in you I love thee, God! I knock!" And hoary-haired and golden crowned, these two whom God did join, knelt in the waiting sunshine and God did at that instant hear their tiny knockings. The world grew bright that day for him, who never more would wear the frown of deep and ill content. The sunshine finds them oft, deep in the woods together, and many walk with them, and birds do sing unto them, and all the world is fair to these who knocked.

SONNET.

In the sweet of the night,
When the moon shows her face,
Do I hasten to you,
O'er these fathoms of space!
And I kiss you so soft
In your dreams, it is true!
I would it were oft,
And you felt, as I do!

AND UNTO HER WAS GIVEN AN MAN CHILD.

Bereft of hope and gladsomeness, she'd been in all this life on earth. Her path had lain twixt thorns and rugged crags. Her life too, ne'er had seemed her own thus far. Her duties seemed so clear, and part and parcel of each hour, that all her young life gave she for her folk; and each and all had sapped her strength and joy. There seemed no time to crowd the gladness in! So full her days and hours were e'en of service. And so she went her way and felt her steps grow old and saw her cheek a-paling, and sighed for all the sweetness of the world, that passed her by. And one there came, who wooed; he wooed her, as a handmaid known with skill and, as his hours he loved to fill with all of life's keen comfort that he knew, so added he unto his other chattels e'en this throbbing woman. Release, it almost seemed to her, and too as duty, when looked he in her eyes and said he needed her and stopped not then to say, how 'twas he needed.

She said her yea and went with him, to find alas! Her days now on, were twice as full of toil,—and soon there came to walk her steps with her a deadly lagging all her waking hours. Life had an shadow thrown across the fields, and seemed e'er stretching to eternity!

Yet one wee morn she conversed with the stars belated, and there did spring an tiny rippling throb triumphant, thru all the being hers, and e'er it grew and grew so walked she many days with eyes uplifted, and quite alone she spent these days and nights, with e'en this hope, for he who craved her for what her hand could do, found little comfort in them now, and sought his pastures new. She thanked the tiny stars above her now for that and waited with the first keen hope and thrill that e'er had come to her on earth. And in a starry night, and near a clouded dawn, she joined the stars and clouds together, as in a dream—they blurred and lifted and lo! a tiny bit of earth and heaven lay near her side, and blessed her with its cry, and ne'er since then, trod she the earth alone for one was there who breathed the sweetest of all human names to her, and great he grew, and she was blessed beyond the crown of mortals.

ONE NOTE.

I am one tiny note that vibrates long and long;
I humbly add my life, to thine eternal song.
Maybe it fills a lacking, that thou dost need, O Lord,
Or modulates two evils, into a perfect chord!

REVELATION.

And I went up to the throne of God and wooed mine own self. The steps thereto led past the paths "experience" and the dells of "toil and learning," and were the steps of knowledge, and these were made, the treads thereto, of wisdom universal, and the stairs of e'en that other, self analysis and **many** these were steep and hard to climb. Unevenness did characterize their weary heights.

And in mine hand I carried staff of faith and this did give me surer aid e'en as I journeyed onward. For at the start, oft noted I, it slipped and tho an trusty staff, I could not alway count upon it. And much the clatter made I with its metal heel, but as I e'er advanced, light grew its tap and all its sure support seemed wafted into me.

A hermit's robe wore I with naught but cord about it; and too it seemed enough, for ne'er did I become aware what weathers were about me! I climbed or night or day.—A one-souled mortal I, as magnet moveth towards its drawing half. Nor stopped I e'er to turn mine gaze about. That which was calling, called with steady clear insistence and when I found mine steps at last upon the highest stair, a platform white and shining rose and as it rose, I kneeled, for of a sudden I was face to face with that which of a surety was I!

I bowed unto mine own dear handiwork I was so e'en by many ciphers greater, than I had dreamed myself to be! Mine highest hopes **had** blossomed then! And could I e'er believe they wove themselves into so fair a shell!

"I am thy self—thy best of selves, thine highest self of all," quoth e'en mine soul to me—"And happy I the time arrived when we once more commune and thou give me and I give thee, e'en of mine greater wisdom. I'm thee, divine, and e'er from now, canst call and haste I to thee. Be true to me, as I to thee, as all these centuries past here waited I in yearning. Thou art e'en at the crossroads,—yet ne'er can once again, re-enter that, thine lonesome shell behind, and not remember thou **once** hast looked on me. Now go thy ways, for all the days henceforth will sacred seem, for thou dost know, which way thou go, and I do guard, serene."

THE CORD THAT BINDS.

Be thou the cord that binds the bundle of my thot!
Mine e'er, the hands that tie, mine earthly lot!
Hold thou but safe, secure, thru many days,
And e'er to thee shall flood my deepest praise!
Let not a skillless hand, untie the knot
Thou in thy wisdom tied—of thy love wrought!

AND THEY CAME UNTO THE WELL, SINGING.

'Twas morning time and larks were on the wing; all nature sang and too, the maidens sang, as wound their way unto oasis with their glinting urns. Their burden naught to carry, and they made a picture peaceful, as they twined an arm oft, near an each, and sang and walked unto the waiting water.

Their robes were as of mist and floated e'er and blurred, so that to wandering clouds they seemed an rainbow on the ground. They were of earth, the merriment and joy, and gave it forth, so waved the palms in unison, and plod the passing camels more at ease. And one stood out among them, sweet of heart and all the maidens strove for place e'en by her side. She cast her favors royally, to this and that, and into many fractions cut her path, so then they all in turn, should walk with her. They called her "best beloved" and ere she to the brimming pool arrived, came sauntering one, in Bedoin garb to whom she shone as dazzling star O daytime. He kneeled unto her then, and took her urn, and walked they then apart, for all that rainbow nosegay e'en of girls, did fade a bit in modest distance back, and as they came unto the well and bucket, her arms did shine as strings of pearls unto him, and he did bend his head, to kiss where dimpled, one. She smiled an smile born of entreaty then and when the urn was filled, they turned their steps unto the dripping pathway made by sun, and on and on it beckoned—so they stalked, two figures in their snowy white, grown darkling black against the far horizon. And on and on they journeyed for these two had all the world forgot, and walked in e'en their kingdom, mindful not of earth. And soon an mountain stood before them, yet ever on, their tireless footsteps tended and helped he her o'er rocky crevasses. And at the top an angel seemed to come to them and say "I guide thee now, for fearless art thou two and, needing not the sound each, of the other's words—art ready now and worthy, on to climb!" So passed they thru the clouds that circled round the mountain's brow, and on and on—Until forsooth, an desert had they left forever more, and stood with many another upon an shining shore, and here they left their waiting cooling urn and lived they there forever from then forth. And long and far the others waited, watched and sought for them and when an seeking band had followed e'en those sandals to the mountain's top and found they naught of them, did they e'en stop and wonder what it could e'er mean. And dropped they on their knees and prayed to Allah that all was well with their beloved one. And parted then the sun, and saw they on that further shore, the smile of their beloved, who did bless them, and as sign, poured out the holy

water from her urn which did return and give them living witness.

And e'er, since then, when rain did come to bless, did all these peoples of the wilderness, sing praises on their way to holy well, and say "we love thee" best beloved, and live our lives as best we may, for long we e'er for blessed day we get again thy smile, not tears, beloved one!

AND SOWED SHE SEEDS AND WAITED.

A child o' sunny ways and sparkling, did spend her hours that were her own, in closest deep affection with her mother earth: and put her tiny seeds of this and that into her waiting hands and with an snowdrop had she tiny rite and prayed "Dear blossom here with thee I plant a bit of faith within." And planted poppies, flaunting in their hue and said "Dear glowing flower I tuck in peace with you!" And mignonette, which loved she as her soul, and said "Within thy cradling leaves I'll pleasure roll!" Forget-me-not with eyes of blue were there and e'er she gave them memory fair: and praying pansies deep within their fast shut eyes should hold devotion, and many more; so spent she pleasant hours in sun and rain, attending all her flowers. And grew they in their good and wonted time, to give their sweetness to her in their prime. And after each had had its turn, a bit about the great in-doors to learn, they one by one died to this outer world—but she could scarcely grieve, you see, for each had whispered "I'll come back to thee."

And ere another spring had dawned did she perceive in all her tho'ts, these lovely seeds she to her blossoms lent were what indeed to her was sent! And faith and peace and pleasure and all these, came e'en to dwell within and did so please her subtle fancy that she sowed e'en more and blossomed she into an garden rare within, all sweetly smelling (none were weeds of sin), and peeped she there, in troublous times or gay, and e'er went joy with her upon her way, for mattered not how drear the earth, there bloomed an radiant garden from then forth and e'er its holy sweetness kept her pure, for see, it was an garden to endure!

Plant not the outer and then stop at this; plant little inner seeds and learn their bliss, and all will surely come to see, they blossom in thine eyes and make thee free! They send their roving fragrance far beyond, and all thou hast to do is, tend them fond. And choose thy tiny seeds with precious care, for wouldst not have within, an poisonous tare! They blossom, all these waiting seeds, in heart and hast thou e'er an garden where thou art!

THERE WAS GIVEN UNTO HER, AN PITCHER.

There was given unto her an pitcher. As opened she the door her hut, so fresh o' morning, 'twas placed on her step, an urn of simple lines, tho wondrous beauty. It so did seem a thing beyond all owning her's before, so stood she rapt and pondering, at her door. It seemed a cheery welcome sign to give, yet felt she quite unworthy. Still, coaxed it so, she took it lovingly in young sweet arms and gave it place within, wondering the while what use it should be put to. A thing of rarest beauty, perchance for rarest blooms! She brot and hastened then to wed them each to each, with happy rite and anthems singing in her heart of hearts. Then went about her duties and was loth to lock the shining beauty lone within. Returning from the hot and whirring fields when sun glanced straight upon her, she speeded to her wondrous ornament. What strange thing this! The boughs were drooping: they fair did seem to say "we sigh for air, we wish for light o' day; O take us back unto our mother's rocking arms!" Yet panted they their blossoming breath in that short life they spent as brides, the urn! "It must be for mine fishes," quoth she then, and filled it to the brim, and said "no humble home for ye! This wondrous urn shall hold ye and be free, and honored," and went her way back to the waving forests grain.

O nighttime hasted then her steps unto her waiting pets, so happy thinking they, yet as she entered hut once more, she found e'en two of these were gaspless, on the floor.—And all had died a weary, panting death it seemed. A look of puzzlement and deep distress lay then upon her erstwhile placid brow, and stood she fair perplexed. "Thou takest life from all these happy things of mine" she murmured "yet art so bright a thing! I place then, all these dead, yet loving things twigs o' forest, within thine circling arms. Thou must be meant some thing of mine to cherish, and keep fresh!" Yet, when the lowing of the kine did bring her back to world and work, she hurried first to see her deadened boughs, e'en half expecting all their soft suspended beauty, had vivified again. (And lo! where yesterday they were e'en bright with color, and a certain fadeless beauty, were they as deadened stalks, all blanched and and pitiful to see!

"Out, out upon thee, useless urn" she cried "all these mine dearly-prized possessions I've left thee here to love, hast thou e'en sapped the life therefrom! I'll none of thee! I'll leave thee at the wicket and the first, tho beggar, may e'en cart thee hence! The clouds were lowering as she spoke and with the mumbling thunders, trod she her way unto the waiting fields. The rain came down, and thirsting grain did drink it up,—its share—and blossoms took their

tithe and then some yet remained, when dust upon the highway had cooled its panting breath, and this the urn upon the wicket gathered and kept it cool and sweet all day. And later came there one, from e'en a longish journey, and fell fainting at the hut where stood the urn; he thirsted and he hungered and had come an long and weary way, where rain had not been seen full many a day. The throat of him did seem of ravening flames composed. He fainted at the feet of urn and soared his spirit to an land of fruits and fountains—and so the maiden found him, breathing hard. she looked about and questioned what to do and urn said "ready, use me now!" And all this pure and fresh'ning draught from heaven, she spread upon his brow, and forced e'en down that flaming, smothered throat. The passer-by were all but passer-on, yet now revived, he looked into her eye and said "O maiden fair, I see thou hast no heart of lead!

"A blessed thing for thee to keep an waiting urn for such as I!"

So ever on the urn stood at her gate and she did learn, 'tis for one's fellowman that e'en our treasured things should useful be, and many passed her way, and called her e'er since then, the lady of the urn, and to the east and west were e'er her praises sung for ne'er henceforth stood urn at wicket minus draught o' peace.

LEARNING.

Thou phantom, learning, thou strideth on before my fast advancing footsteps, until my spirit's sore! When e'en a tiny, fluttering part thy flowing robe, permission's given to touch, then fondle I it carefully and praise it overmuch. And as I scrutinize it, no longer hath it thrill; 'tis part of thee not part of me I stand perplexed until, it is e'en strong upon me—'tis **shadow** that I have:—The real, the whole, is far ahead,—is therefore merry, glad, e'en of my fast pursuing. Nought careth he for fluttering garments he casts, as very jester passeth mockery and laughs to those who hang on words of his.

Alack! How many steps I take, now forward and now back, for learning, haughty learning hath many, many garbs, and strides his way before me. He's ever yet at large! He passes out the baubles and tight we grasp and hold, as were thy priceless jewels or richest, shining gold. He is a merry jester, his step you'll never reach; he's always in the vanguard: in vain may you beseech, yet he's thy friend, indeed, sir, thou scholar of the book! Unless he stride before thee, wouldst ever backward look. He's ever, ever crying "I am not goal, I'm **sign**—All wisdom is within, stand still and claim what's thine.

MENTAL FIREWORKS.

Half thy thots are like the fireworks,
Sparkle for a space,
Catch the eye of one or many,
Dying, leave no trace!

'Round and 'round some go, as pinwheels,
Chasing each the next,
Then a burned-out pattern whizzes,
(This is when we're vexed).

Others fall, a shower of stardust,
Back to earth again!
Some do trickle, as a blessing
In a golden rain!

Some mount slyly up to heaven,
Pause, and take their breath,
Give their all in supreme effort,
Courting fall and death!

Thots o' mine, I'd have ye sunshine;
Quiet, steady, pure!
Not the brilliance of a moment,
I'd have ye endure.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

I sing of arms and the man!
Arms that do fight for his own.
Arms that do guard e'en the nest,
And the harvest, he has just sown!

I sing of man and his arms!
Man that is noble and good;
Man that is striving to help
Giving his brother-man, food.

'Tis of man and of arms that I sing!
Sing, in my praise, soft and low;
Sing, for they thrill every nerve,
Sing, 'cause I honor them so!

I am the one who doth sing
Of man and his arms, on the rack!
I, who must stand here and wait
Hoping man, with his arms, will come back!

THE CITY.

Sing ho, I say, a song,
Not to the country lass,
But to the city throng,
The people I love to pass.

The people that know me not,
And brush me by in the crowd;
With them I'll cast my lot,
Tho' they're weary and tired and loud.

Give me the city's hum
And the tramp of common feet,
Power to alleviate some,
And the nod of the friends you meet.

Give me the traffic's roar,
That speaks of progress and cheer,
Ever I cry for more,
For I feel my place is here.

At night the muffled drone
Of the busy human hawk,
Companioned, altho' alone,
Pray God, here my death doth stalk;

In harness, in harness to die,
With roar of life's battle near,
And the city to hear my cry,
And all its protection near.

TO —————

How sweet she was, as honey!
Each atom, hers, could tease!
And fragrant as a blossom,
Kissed by the heaven-pure breeze.
How radiant were the days when
She blessed, as smiled her way,
And changed them from Epistles
To Epics! Every day!
How fresh and clear her speech was!
And flowed it as a brook!
And how her lips did tremble,
As I their essence took!

INDIAN LOVE.

Weary eyed he came and sought her,
Pain upon his brow;
Loved he so, Great Heron's daughter;—
Hoped to win her now.

All the fire of all the sunsets,
Smouldered in his eyes;
All the haste of all his running,
In his heart, that cries!

Came he thus, unto her dwelling,
With all the love he had.
Found he there another, telling
Burning love—and sad,

Turned away his bending back, then
Sought the cool north shore,
Crying, "Add my love to his, O Spirit!
I'll ne'er use it more!"

HARK MY BRAVE.

Hark, my brave,
I am thy slave,
Hope I nought but this.
My steps are thine.
Give me a sign,
I may thy footprints kiss!

As the sun is far beyond me,
Over sea of blue,
As I never hope to reach it,
In my small canoe,
So I greet thee, as I meet thee,
Thou, my chief so true!

When my sleek
And dusky cheek
Hollow is, as bell,
Still I'll love thee,
Thou, above me,
Still I'll serve thee well.

When the forests sigh in slumber,
When thy grave's quite young,
When art far among the hunters,
And my duty's done,—
Thou wilt find me, kneeling, bind me,
All my love then sung!

INDIAN SONG.

Walking softly, as on mosses,
Gliding, as a slumbering stream,
Drinking in the wood's elixir,
Slowly came sweet Silver Beam.

E'er her hands were raised above her,
Seemed as sacrifice she bore
All her pure and noble longings
That would ever wing and soar!

To an empty path o' forest
Tended e'er her saddened heart,
And above a tiny mound there,
Drew she from the world, apart.

Then she walked where bright the birds were,
And their songs spoke cheer and joy;
And again her love was thrilling,
For by hand, she had her boy.

INDIAN'S LAMENT.

Maiden of the dusk, they call me,
Call me maiden dark.
Deep they say my eyes as ravens,
Sweet my voice, as lark.

Soft the thots that float above me,
Like the bluebird's wing;
Bleak as high, big, towering mountains,
Is the heart I bring.

Big chief, lover, won it from me;—
Melted it like wine.
Handed me a stone and left me,
Stole all that was mine.

INDIAN'S PRAYER.

Glorious spirit, send my brave,
Hither home to me!
Make him long for me as woodbird
Longs at sunset sea.
Hasten fast his step at last,
To my great pinetree.
When the sun shall sink to sleeping,
When the woodbird call,
Listen, spirit, hear me weeping,
Haste my brave, so tall.

COMPLETION.

My dearest love was when thou seemed to look, deep in mine heart and pray. Thine prayer did make me whole again and give me back my faith in man. And too it bid me take my load O day, and carry it with fortitude, knowing e'en that where the first prayer sprang from, others, too, would spring to keep mine flagging courage up.

Much deeper far, was this, the love thou proffered silently—thine soul to mine—and too in silence gratefully accepted—much deeper e'en by far than other loves at other times yea meted out to me!

Love oft there was, as crimson poppy, flaunting in its daring and, deep at heart, a languid, drowsy thing, with mind not e'er intent upon the best in me! And other loves were true and pure, but chilling as the out-of-season snows that blight the rarer beauty unaware.

And loves there were like wandering, homeless birds, dipping e'er and stealing and passing on replete,—unfinished wingsters, in whom the soaring song had ne'er been born.

Ah, loves of but a day! Ye pass as shadows of the real, cast on a garden wall! I could ne'er catch thee; I could ne'er live with thee! Art semblance mere, to tell us that the real hath passed this way!

And O ye loves of many a bygone day!—That come a trooping when a wistful fancy blows them hence, thru musty books, from out a mirrored frame, or of the touching that which speaketh loud of them, ye have I ever with me. I bid ye come and go. And ever do ye serve me, well and patiently. I love thee with my mind. I love thee in thy haunts. I share thy love with all the world beside! Then is it scarce a love.

Friends all, farewell! I go now from the twilight to the light O day. For one has looked deep to the inner shrine of me, and offered there his prayer and I do go to follow him, e'en to the furthest haunts of men!

No more am loveless I, since e'en he came, and in the midst a day that e'en began as other days, he cast a glow of heaven round about, and thru his eyes he scanned,—and spoke he then, in prayer, my name!

MY BONDS.

Thou bindeth me with love; as cobweb, tho' the string Which links with all above, and makes my heartstrings sing. Withdraw thou ne'er the cord,—mine fetters irk me not! I love thy will, O Lord, and have these shackles sought!

DESTINY.

Destiny I would confer with thee! Thou ledest me not by the hand. Thou guardest not the anchored hopes of mine existence. Ah no, not puppet I! God built too fine a world to pull with strings alone!

God put the greatest gift in man, that man e'en yet **imagine** can.

In other aeons may more wondrous things appear, but now we wonder that tho' made of common clay, we yet can glimpse what rare congeniality, what spiritual communion, what mastership of this, our body, means. When ready, worthy for e'en more, will that more be forthcoming for God too planted Hope and Inspiration and Faith in hearts of men.

So measure thou unto the highest standard here, and then the way doth e'er appear to higher and e'en highest realms beyond.

Destiny, my friend be now. Art placed here to bid me merely stop. Dost come with gifts in right of hand and left; dost leave me ne'er of Hope and Choice bereft. I am to see, it lyeth but with me,—to choose my path. God meant me to be free. He never placed "either" in the world but that the "or" it followed as the sun the moon.

Is yet a day, that one has stopped upon its way? Are not all God-made things most certain?

'Tis man himself that blurreth vision with a curtain. God gave thee ever choice as started Universe itself with choice. God gave Himself and made of one the many: yet all the parts, an whole, couldst thou but see.

The part of God in you,—the part of God in me. As placed He the part divine in all the atoms here, so we the **CORDS** that twine, and knot and snarl in hopelessness:—yet we one strand, would we the truth confess!

Thy neighbor,—**thief**—perchance **thou** shalt be next! Canst never tell what e'en the other vexed. Are not thy worst of traits a blemish sore? Art thou thyself e'en sound to inner core?

Dost not perceive that life is given, that thou shouldst **guide** it, not be driven?

Canst contemplate a father wise, who gives not child the sacred chance to rise? Canst ne'er another's soul dominion claim. Canst prison, bind it, ever 'tis the same. It soars the more in regions high. A magnet there, to draw it to the sky.

THY BOUNTY.

As a star on the mantle of night,
As a beam of the moon on the sea,
Comest thou in thy great shining light,
Immeasurable thou, to me!

Thou dost walk by my side and commune,
Dost teach me and bid me to climb.
Dost put me with nature in tune,
Dost beg me to claim what is mine.

I therefore call to me the strength
Of the sun and the winds and the sea,
Thou hast told me there is no length
Or depth, of thy power, but for me.

MINE HOMAGE.

Mine eager homage at thy feet,
Aloft my incense swing,
I'd make thy path so pure and sweet,
I'd make thy joybells ring.

I'd bid the blossoms all to blow,
I'd bid the breeze to kiss,
I'd bid the sweet birds carol low,
I'd call the sun,—for this

Must be the only reason, dear,
They're placed upon this ball!
I'd bid them always bide you near,
God made them for you,—all.

TAGORE, AN APPRECIATION.

Rabindranath Tagore,
I love thee, more and more!
For the inspiration sent,
For the beauty thou hast lent:
For the words that veil as mist,
For thy tho'ts that joy has kissed;
For thy love of homely things,
For the peace thy wisdom brings,
For thy penetration dear,
I bless the God who sent thee here!

MY SERVANT.

Soft as night flowers ope their windows,
Still, as perfume steals away,
Ope I, all the gates my kingdom,
And mine thots to you do stray.
They do rush along the highways,
They do float the ether blue,
And I bid them leave my blessing
Ere they dare return from you.
And you think perhaps a fairy
Has alighted in your heart,
But it's just my faithful servant,—
I do guard thee, tho apart!

WISHING.

When the grasses are a-whisper
Of the sweetness in the world,
When the birds do carol softly,
And the blossoms are unfurled,
When the petals waft in frolic
And the butterflies are winging,
And the earth is tuned to bridals,
And the hearts are all a-singing—
Then I wonder how it can be
That I often see a frown,
And I hastily imagine
Blessing such a one, with crown!
Now, how could any mortal
Walk with crown upon the head,
And not become a truly king
Before he went to bed?

MOTHER EARTH AND FATHER SKY.

O mother earth and father sky,
We're children of you two;
Is it because we oft forget,
We find your tears—in dew?

And when you lavish many smiles,
And spread a feast for all,
And we as moles, are blind and dull—
Is that when showers fall?

And when you give us back to health,
Unstinting in your care,
Is that when sobs do rock the earth,
And lightnings rend the air?

COMPLETION.

As any blossom opens wide unto the sun
So ope I unto thee, Beloved One.
But as a bud, reserving half
I offer others, who sated quaff—
To them, the part is whole, what matter!
Among the sages, infants chatter—
The whole I offer thee and give
The half I **could** not and still live;
Thou makest me one perfect whole.
No matter what life's fatal toll,
We know, we two, that only **portion** we—
I need but thee, and thou, thou needest me.

A PRAYER.

In all the lesser things of life, I want
Thy tenderness, thy loving thought;—
In greater things I want thy bitter blow,
That so I understand this world of woe;
Since pain must come, be thou the tool
'Tis easier, through thy love to rule.
Be master of this little me,
That I the Truth eternal see.

MY POOL.

Thou art as deepest pool, mine own,
I rest mine eyes on thee,
And ever and anon, my dear,
Peace stealeth over me.

As deepest pool, mine own, thou art,
I sooth my tired limbs,
On thine great placid breast, my love,
And all my sorrow dims.

Mine own, thou art as deepest pool,
In thee I sink my thot.
Thou are the source of all mine hope,
Life without the were nought.

MY TROVE.

I need thy kisses, love;
Else, locked my chest of bliss;
And I am torn with yearning,
For I am sad in this,

That e'en such coins of gladness
Should tarnish ere they rove,—
Ah hasten! with thy key, dear,
Unlock my treasure-trove!

I LOVE THEE IN THE FADELESS WAY.

I love thee in the fadeless way,
That moon e'er shines on all.
I love thee, as we know the day,
Will never fail our call.

I love thee as the sum of days
Adds up the joy of life;
I love thee, dear, as autumn haze,
Hides ugliness and strife.

BRIDE OF MY HEART.

Thou creepest to mine inner harp,
Doth softly touch its strings.
No wonder that the heart of me,
Wakes from its sleep and sings!

No wonder that the smiles break thru
The winter of my face!
The harp is breathing love of you,
And doth my pain erase.

DISCOVERY.

You swing me out beyond this world of toil,
Into the land of "Never a care and dreams"
I seem to float as trusting petal on the breeze,
And life is joy and joy is rest, it seems!

It is the magic of those lips of yours,
That makes me realize I nearly missed,
The great eternity of life I glimpsed,—
Which I had lost, had you not turned, and kissed!

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost knocked on my window,
And he begged and coaxed to come 'round!
When I firmly said No, I saw him blow,
And a troop of his artists came down.

"If you won't let me in, then I'll not let you out,"
He said, and he chuckled with glee;
When he saw all my woe, because of his snow,
Then he left window-pictures, for me!

U BOAT.

You are a U Boat you!
U send me down to sea!
Down to the bottom sure!
U are the death of me!

Chorus:

U Boat, you're 23,
U Boat, you're after me!
U Boat, this is not war!
U Boat, you make me sore!

I think I sail for aye,
To me it's calm and bright,
Then you torpedo me!
I sink right out of sight!

I rise once more, by chance,
I find you save my life,
U take me prisoner,
I make you then my wife!

THY POSSESSIONS.

Thou art fragrance of all of earth's flowers;
Thou art music of all of her brooks;
Thou art sum of her joy-laden hours,
Thou hast beauty ne'er read of in books!

Beloved, what priceless possession
In thine very own self, hast thou!
Yet I'll make unto thee, my confession,
I'll shoulder thy care, right now!

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COMING OUT.

There's a rustling in the orchard
Like a hundred trunks unpacked!
There's a great big grand spring opening!
Not a detail has been lacked!

All the gorgeous new spring bonnets
Are spread out upon the trees,
All the filmy gossamer mantles
That would scatter at a sneeze!

All the little green umbrellas
And the great, long, stately canes
And the orchestra of joydom
That has gathered from the plains!

There are O, such lovely turbans
And such dainty boudoir caps!
And such lacy little boas
And they're scented—O perhaps!

O the ribbons are so dainty
And the colors are so bright!
I'm competely out of my head, dear,
I am dippy with delight!

For there's just one lovely opening,
In the spring it comes, you know!
And the invitation's out, dear,
Come and see the fashion-show!

SHIPMENTS.

I'm weary, dear, and so of late
My tho'ts were dull and slow.
They seemed to travel by slow freight,
And found it hard to go.

Sometimes I'd find them e'en sidetracked,
Sometimes, still in their crate,
And sometimes, dear, it is a fact,
They'd be a whole month late!

But, dear, you wrote you'd marry me,
And right here I'll confess,
They were so gay, they wouldn't keep!
That's why I sent **express**!

AN SYMBOL LEFT SHE, ON THE TREE.

With the last of weeping summer, tugged the woods soft at her heart, and solitary, grieving for the many duller moons that now would flit slow o'er her head, she tracked her way to grove o' waiting willows. These were the first to greet in springtime in their new attire, so too they lingered in their golden garb and cast them e'en with loving rite, as shower o' golden coins for her to walk upon. Since die they should, a pretty fancy theirs to die beneath the tender touch of e'en her loving feet. And each day made their carpet more like moss, and each day saw she more the sky between their naked arms. And one she loved full well, that so had made an cradle for her lovely form and as she rested thus with book and pen in soft gold-laden air she idly carved an tiny heart that came behind her own soft-pulsing one and said "O lovely head, O heart o' mine, I leave—O hear—! E'en half my love here in the heart o' tree, for drear 'tis when deep winter hides thee o'er and I am torn with anguish for the birds and buds and all the little things, o' wood!"

But tiny hand o' hers could never stay the greater, grimmer hand o' time and hasted then the bitter blasts o' north. And with what patience that she could, she brot her hours and pleasures then indoors and spent the half her time 'mid sonnets o' the dear without she loved so well; and came sweet spring, as ever yet he comes, one morning to her lattice with a note o' hope. And ere her willows e'en had thrown on cloak, the tiny snowdrops tied their simple caps, and wandered she among the sad reminders of her glow of golden days, and sought she tiny notes from nature's pen. And later came the violets and in their deepening love did cover cool and green again the ground where once did lie the golden rug. And they did coo beneath the willow trees and coax and say "See, our hands are tiny yet we've taken mittens off and altho' cool, the air is sweet and clean! Be not afraid but venture out! O dress for her, our precious lady fair!" And coaxed they so insistent the timid, longing willows peeped their little noses, sniffed their bursting spice and hustled overnight to put their lacy garments on their chilly limbs! Then came the lady fair, and wreathed in rosy smiles was she this morn and all the forest sang an paen joy. "Ah see!" the violets cried, "'Twere better to have died an quick and frosty death, than let our lady wait one longer day to greet us in our bloom!" And waked and grew they all,—the joy in all the outer things, and, far within, the greatening joy of her they loved so well. And in a day, when summer tries to sooth to sleep all fretful, heated things, with lullaby that she alone doth know, did wend the drooping lady to her cooling, willow deep and there for the first time e'er did find in rocking arms the

tree, another sat and seemed quite at ease. "Mine sir! mine tree!" she stammered in her puzzlement, and sending words 'fore thot. "Thine tree?" he asked and loved her in that hour so keen that naught did linger in that head o' his but how to keep her there serene. "It seemeth mine," he quoth, "I ne'er more felt at home! I now do find it doubly hard e'en from this tree to roam! This arm seems beckoning wide—sit thou me here beside, and see if not the tree can love us both!" And she indeed, surprised, found she was nothing loth. Now little cupid sat upon that willow tree, and little cupid knew his work full well! You see her heart she'd left there in his keeping and winter locked it tight down in its deep, and in the tree that heart had been a-weeping, but with the spring it jumped out with a leap! And this, the man o' love had taken when had leant, so hard upon the willow. And cupid guided, this is what he meant! And after many days small cupid scattered his steps unto the waiting willow grove, and lo! his lovers cut (as if it mattered) deep in the heart o' tree that so—it should e'en larger year by year e'er grow, an double heart, entwined one 'round each, and now the willows, weeping did beseech, sweet cupid e'en should send their lady fair unto them soon, they missed her presence there. But since she lives afar with Prince Heart-keep, she comes but seldom—That's why the wailing willows weep!

WAR.

You loved me, dear, when peace was here; we had our boy, our nest was amply large for three of us—one room enough, since we had joy. And life was sweet. Each day we felt the throb. But war come on. You bowed your head, then stiffened straight your back, and sailed away, as we did pray,—nor realized the lack your daily strength meant to us!

We sadly roam, around the home, where now 'tis grown too cramped by far, to hold just two—and grief.

THE FERMENT.

In the rattle of war,
In the shrieks of the maimed,
Thru the grinding of power,
Do I still see thy love.

'Tis the seething of gas,
'Tis the poison in blood,
And the purging from lust,
Ere the reign from above!

MY SOUL.

O thou by whom I steer my bark, thou soul of me, whence is this urge, and whither carryeth my restlessness? Art thou but stinging pride of me, to shame these acts of mine, to spur me to endeavor higher and more worthy? Or art thou weeping for the tears of yesterday,—thou with the broader vision, who didst know, and urge and had then there to stand and see thy mandates scorned! Or is this restlessness my best of friends? Does not the crystallizing finer products e'er result long after ferments come in contact? Is not the ferment needed fever in my veins, to burn the dross and ready make for channels new? Thou soul of me! Wilt ne'er be still? I calm thee for a moment, then with redoubled vigor, art thou prodding me again! Say thou but "All is well" and I'll go half the way to meet thee, to court thy blows and pricks, to shrine them fair, and give them heed. Thou shalt mine general be,—but give me tiny, perfect sign that all is as it should be, in God's and this, mine world! Perchance I should be e'en about mine father's business! Should fill my moments full to running o'er, with tasks and burdens, lightening those who know their captain not, or e'en if have they one! Then are mine days too full of service, aye and praise, to come a-picking faults with thee, mine own true self. I salute thee! I'll ne'er cross swords with thee! I'll clasp thy hand and fall in line, and follow e'er thy battle cry, which battle cry of freedom is! I know thee now for what thou art! Thou art the real of me! I, here, the shadow, made the near mistake of thinking I was tree, whereas I now perceive but shade am I, and e'en at that, inconstant one, depending e'er and e'er upon the sun—else blankness, I! A flitting shade, relying for mine very life on thee, mine trusty tree! Yet now perchance that shade I know myself to be, may I e'en grow into the heart of tree, and thou, absorbing me, we both in turn, our tiny quota, too, shall give the great effulgent sun, that overshadows all these walking shades on earth! And thou, O tree, couldst never live, if sun refused new life to give! A chain are we, fast bound to each, and e'er should for the higher reach. I tho't I was the all, and mine the perfect course, but prone am I, on ground; thou reachest toward the source!

WHEEL OF LIFE.

O wheel of life, thou art become a solid living ball!
It is the speed that many lead, in strain to reach the all.
The tiny all, that answer seems, to them, in maniac haste;
Yet tiny thread, and it has led them to the desert's waste!

ASPIRATION.

Of thine deep intentness cometh, much that to thee ougurs well! pin thy faith high in the heavens. Thou wilt come then there to dwell. Make an shrine that thou canst roam to, burn an candle with thine love, kneel upon the steps o' patience, scatter cheer as thou dost rove! All the blessings lie awaiting, in the air, the trees, the brooks. Glean not all thy empty learning from the knowledge stored in books! Much has e'en escaped the covers, for its freedom is its aim—thou shouldst get it e'en first-handed, for no two find it the same! **Learn** each minute that thou breathest; life and men can teach thee much; learn to find what is eternal, for the trivial shouldst ne'er touch! Life is precious, life is fleeting, thou art here to fill a niche; canst be generous with thy blessings. Dost not need to e'en be rich! Hoard not smiles and scatter scoldings! Use not sharp words, use the sweet! Tie not talents up in bundles! Scatter them at stranger's feet! With each thot thou givest self, then, give an thot to one less blessed! Take thine bread and break it gently—give to needy e'en the rest! Think of starved souls of babies! Think of hungry souls that age! Give and give o' thine compassion—think not that thou sure can gauge! Trust the highest thot can fathom! See with faith when thou art blind! And in time thou shalt discover deeper depths than mortal mind! Be an harp that thanks the zephyrs, when it passive's played upon! Be an tiny note created, add to the eternal song!

ASPIRATION.

A buttercup cried to a swallow,
"How wonderfully free thou art!
So high and so strong in the heavens,
Hast carried away all my heart!"

The swallow sang up to the mountain
"I'm in love with thy eternal snow!
Of all in the world, thou art beauty
If I could but reach thee, I'd know!"

And the mountain was ever calling
"Dear sky, if I could for a while
Just touch thee, I should be blessed—
If I could but melt in thy smile!"

WORDS.

"I am thy friend," quoth he,
And played me false that day!
I pray for light to see
The truth as best I may.

How easy 'tis to think
Words are the all of speech!
Words either float or sink,—
'Tis but the true that reach!

All others clog the deep
And sluggish make the stream.
Weigh thou the words thou keep!
They're stronger than thou dream!

WHISPERING PINES.

Whispering pines, O whispering pines,
On the top of the world, near the sky,
What are the secrets you pass on in signs?
Up where the deep shadows lie.

Whispering pines, O whispering pines,
Up where the snows cradle deep,
Why do you stand, as an army, in lines?
Why do you sigh, as you sleep?

Whispering pines, O whispering pines,
You, to your vow are so true!
What can it be that so firmly binds!
Your secret will perish with you!

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

List to the song of the world!
That throbs in the air, like a lyre,
List to the praise that it sings,
'Tis a voice that never can tire.

It is sea and wind where they fuse;
It is made of the peace in the nest;
The joy in the buds, as they bloom,
And the love in the hearts as they rest.

MY IMAGE.

Keep me in tho'ts of thine so pure!
Set me as saint within a shrine!
Then all that racks I can endure,
If only in thy tho'ts I shine!

See thou the better part of me!
Think not on this, that changeth oft!
Let me but live as youth, to thee!
See me as incense, fading soft!

ENDURANCE.

As the cold of the cliff greets the warm of the sun,
And the dawn spreads her smile upon day,
As the moon softly kisses the burdens of men,
And melts them in kindness away,

So I love thee in heat, and I love thee in chill
And I worship the hours thou doth bless.
For, loved of my heart, I'll love thee until
Thy love comes to me to confess!

LOVE SONG (AS SUMMER BREEZE).

I love thee as the summer breeze
Loves to woo the pine,
And floats beyond to other trees
With fragrance so sublime!

His breath had ne'er such beauty sown,
Had he not come and kissed,—
And all the forest ne'er had known
How much it might have missed!

RECOGNITION.

Friend of that other me,
That lived such ages back!
I do acknowledge thee!
Hast come to fill a lack?
Because we once were close
Tied by the cords of love,
Shall it then be thy boast,
The mating was above?
Thou hast thy pathway here,—
I, too, and mine's afar,
We'll gird our souls 'gainst fear,
Meet later in some star.

PERSIAN PRAYER LVIII.

O thou of the mountains that gleam,
And thou of the shadows that lurk,
Bring in being, all that I dream,
And frown, when a duty I shirk.

As I cozen and cuddle mine bliss,
Let me gaze e'en serene at my pain!
And from nearness, understand this,—
If I balk, then it fronts me again.

PERSIAN PRAYER.

O thou of the e'er-falling snows,
And thou of the e'er-leaping wave,
Help steady my soul in its throes!
May I know that rebirth is, to save!

May I gently bow to thy will,
Trusting e'er in thy tho't for my best,
May I strive every moment to fill,
And leave to thy wisdom, the rest!

PERSIAN PRAYER.

O thou of the ne'er-closing eyes,
And thou of the love divine,
Omnipresent in earth and skies,—
Dwell thou in this brain of mine!

O thou of the soundless voice,
And thou of the patience that waits,
Thru many lives of ours,
Dwell thou within my soul-gates!

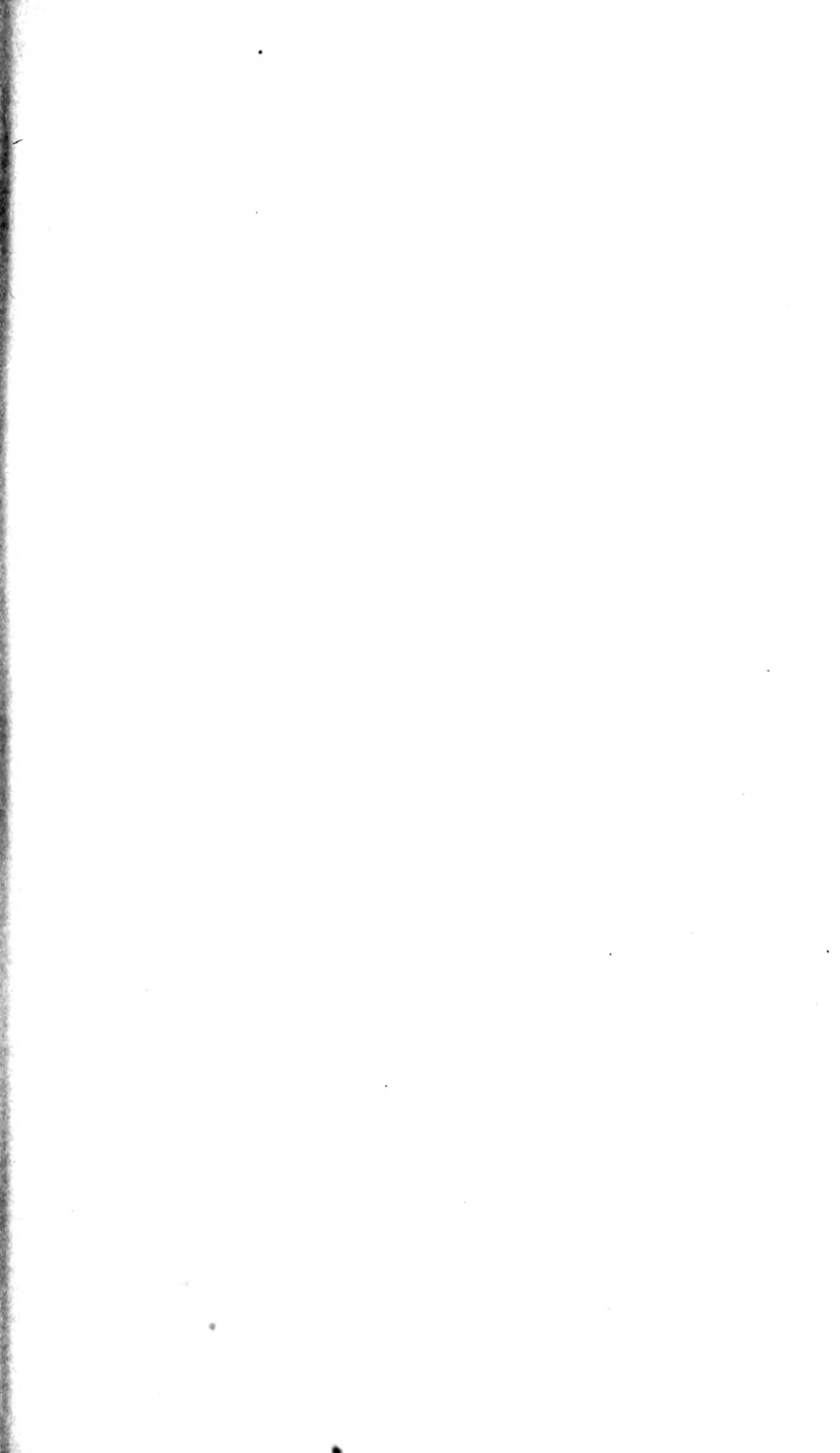
O thou of the deep breathing calm,
And thou of the glittering bliss,
Flow thou in these moments of mine,
Dwell thou, in this heart remiss!

PERSIAN PRAYER.

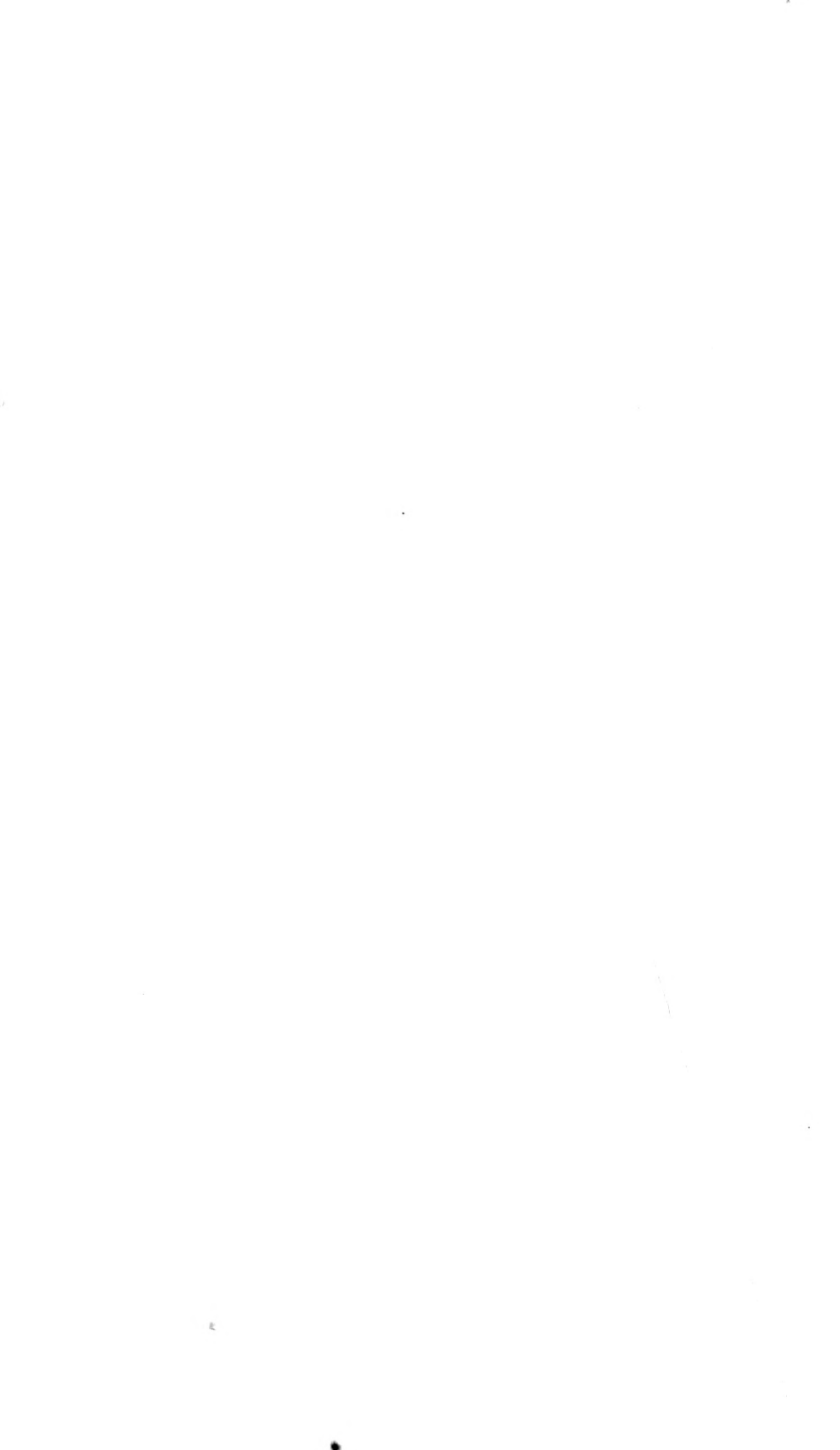
O thou of the slumbering life,
And thou of the wakening death,
Show me to expand with the strife,
Teach me, what within me thou saith.

Let me know that mine pulse means to give!
Let me woo never death in my veins!
Let me add to my tho't, as I live!
Nor give to satiety, reins!









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